

SELECT  
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,  
FOR FEBRUARY, 1812.

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*Reponse du Général Sarrazin, &c. i. e.* General Sarrazin's answer to the report made to Bonaparte, in regard to him, by general Clark, minister at war. 8vo. p. 28. London, 1810.

*Confession du Général Bonaparte, &c. i. e.* Bonaparte's confessions to Abbé Maury, &c. dedicated to general Kleber, by general Sarrazin, formerly head of the staff to general Bernadotte, in Germany and Italy. 8vo. p. 306. Egerton.

OF the former of these productions, it will not be necessary for us to take much notice, its contents having been fully communicated to the public, by means of the newspapers immediately on its appearance. The latter is less generally known, and was presented under so extraordinary a title, that the author need not be surprised on finding that English readers, who are not so readily captivated with the sound of words as his countrymen, have received it with a qualified portion of faith. In addition to the singularity of the title, Monsieur Sarrazin has favoured us with an equally singular dedication; having inscribed his book not to the memory of general Kleber, but to that distinguished officer himself, as if military men in the other world were not only spectators but readers of the lucubrations of those whose lot it is to follow them in the practice of their stormy profession. After having avowed a most profound respect for ALL institutions, divine and human, general Sarrazin assures us, that, in adopting the plan of confessions for the purpose of unmasking Bonaparte, he was actuated by an anxious wish to see his late master carry into execution, the penitential method which he has suggested, and desist at last from proving himself the scourge of humanity. The book consists of three parts. 1. A supposed conversation between his Corsican Majesty, and his confessor Abbé Maury. 2. A conversation between general Berthier and the same clerical

personage : and 3. Biographical notices of Berthier, Bonaparte, and Kleber. The two former contain a summary of the various charges against Napoleon from the beginning of his career ; such as his participation in the atrocities at Toulon, in 1793,—his cruelty at Paris on the 13 Vendémiaire,—his habits of bribing an enemy's officers,—his intrigues in foreign courts,—the murder of Pichegru by Savary, &c. The Biographical part consists of a series of military anecdotes.

Though we are disposed to place considerable faith in several of M. Sarrazin's assertions, and though the body of his work exhibits fewer inconsistencies than were to be expected from his odd outset, it is proper to remember, that this vigorous assailant of Bonaparte is a disappointed man. He has been in the French military service since the year 1792, and would have borne the rank of General of division long ago, had it not been for broils with his colleagues, and particularly with Murat, in 1801 ; when having failed in the first of a soldier's duties, that of obeying his superior officers, he was degraded, and remained unemployed till his services were accepted for St. Domingo. Although constantly employed since that time, and engaged in several duties which appeared likely to recommend him to imperial favour, he seems never to have succeeded in recovering the ground he had lost ; and after the nomination of Savary to the ministry of Police, he considered it as high time to consult his safety in flight, being apprehensive, he tells us, that a protracted stay might have led in his case to no better fate than that which befel the Duke d'Enghein. He had read, he says, his sentence in the suspicious looks of the Emperor, during the review which took place in May, 1810, at Boulogne.

M. Sarrazin's military experience having chiefly consisted in duties on the Staff of a division, we are to look in his observations for precision of detail, rather than for an exposition of general views. Accordingly we do not think that he is correct in his account of the campaign of 1805, in regard either to general Mack, or to the battle at Austerlitz ; while we are inclined to pay considerable attention to his report of local and particular circumstances. Recent events have given English readers the highest interest in the estimate which Frenchmen form of their celebrated Marshal Soult ; and General Sarrazin agrees with others of his countrymen, in deeming him the first of their commanders after Bonaparte.

He is not inferior (says M. Sarrazin, p. 169) to Massena, either in bravery or firmness, and to these qualities he joins consummate artifice. No weak part in the enemy's position, can escape his penetrating eye. I am disposed to regard Soult as discontented with Bonaparte, and likely to seize any favourable



opportunity that might offer for rearing the standard of revolt. His passage of the Sierra Morena, was a very brilliant affair, and Bonaparte is probably not solicitous to give this distinguished officer many opportunities of approaching to that high reputation which he wishes to consider as exclusively his own.

In another passage, M. Sarrazin represents Berthier as expressing his opinion on the affairs of Spain and Portugal, in a manner which is curious, because this book was composed before Massena advanced into the latter country.

As soon (says Berthier, p. 166.) as I was apprized of the Emperor's project of placing his brother Joseph on the throne of Charles IV., I mentioned it to Talleyrand, who was equally surprised and afflicted. He gave me very strong reasons against it, which the result has fully justified : but like an able courtier he assumed at first to the Emperor the appearance of approving it. He pronounced it highly adapted to the system, *if postponed*, predicting that its execution at present would lead to an Austrian war within the year. The Emperor turned his back on him, and said, "you seem to have forgotten Ulm and Austerlitz. Had Austria intended war, she would have attacked me after the battle of Eylau." Talleyrand, who is cool in the highest degree, let the ebullition pass over, and on Bonaparte's becoming calm, he rejoined, that "he felt it his duty to express to his Majesty his opinion, in support of which he entreated his Majesty to recollect the arduous conflicts of Marengo and Hohenlinden." This was going too far for Bonaparte's temper ; and from that time forward, Talleyrand was out of favour. We were very far from expecting so obstinate a resistance in Spain. Bonaparte, flushed with his subjugation of the continent, treated with contempt the report made to him of the energy of the Castilians, of their attachment to their Royal Family, and their inveterate hatred to Frenchmen. Our first reverses were imputed to the weakness of Dupont and our other officers, but when Bonaparte himself came into Spain, he discovered that he had not to contend with Italians or Vendéans. He found in the Spanish Patriots the fanaticism of the Mameluke, and the art of the Arab. A French soldier retiring to rest in a Spanish house, loses his life either by poison or by assassination : he is buried in a cellar or in a garden ; and the act being confessed to a priest, the perpetrator is told that it is meritorious, and will open to him the gates of paradise. The monks are all-powerful, and stir up insurrection with a cross in one hand, a sabre in the other, and epaulets on their sacred habit."

"We have endeavoured to sow distrust between the Spaniards and the English, and to persuade the former that the French are their natural friends and allies ; but we have preached in a wilderness with

respect to both them and the Portuguese. When Massena, after taking Almeida, proceeds on his march to the interior of Portugal, his columns will be harassed by swarms of insurgents. To keep up his communication, he will find it necessary to leave behind him strong detachments, which will weaken his main body. The English general, yielding to our superiority in regular troops, will intrench himself in the strong ground, on the right of the Tagus; and it is even to be feared, if he receives reinforcements, *that he may resume the offensive*, which would oblige the French army to fall back on their supplies. Such is the mode of warfare which we may expect in Portugal; our communications being interrupted as they are in Spain, when our convoys are almost always annoyed, and often captured by the Guerillas."

After this statement of Berthier's supposed opinion on the state of Spain, we shall give, in a few words, Sarrazin's report of that officer's military talents, followed by some particulars at greater length, relative to Bonaparte.

Berthier is a man of parts, and well acquainted with the principles of war, but he has neither a steady nor an accurate *coup d'œil*. His activity is surprising, not inferior even to that of Bonaparte: but he is no general, having never commanded even a single regiment in the presence of an enemy. His talents are those of the department of the Staff, and are most conspicuous in the conception and development of the order of a commander-in-chief; of which, moreover, he is not slow in superintending the execution.

In regard to Bonaparte's manner, a great change took place after he was made Emperor. From that time forward, ministers, marshals, and foreign ambassadors were all obliged to dance attendance in the anti-chamber. On the military parades, he desisted from the practice of returning the salute to the generals, and the colours, a form which the great Frederick kept up to the last. The oath from the public officers, of fidelity to him in his new capacity of Emperor, was administered with great pomp. He received it with all imaginable stateliness, and deigned to smile only after the ceremony was performed. If we form an estimate of his character, with an equal distrust of the injustice of his enemies, and the blind admiration of his friends, we shall pronounce him to be highly studious, and possessed of an excellent intellect and memory. He is a great physiognomist, and expresses himself in writing with much correctness. As to his courage, he has enough to be respectable and to carry his point; but he does not possess the intrepidity of Lasnes, who could kindle the enthusiasm of the soldiers to a pitch that would make them rush into the hottest fire. Nature has refused him this half physical quality, but she has made up for it by conferring on him the singular talent of knowing how to chuse men who are capable



of executing his conceptions. His deportment, during an action, is not calculated to convey a striking impression to those about him; but his generals make up for it, by riding forward to the fire in the front of the line, till the men call on them to retire. Bonaparte's talents consist in planning a battle. Kleber, Moreau, and Frederick of Prussia, who were all inferior to him in that respect, were all more brilliant during the action itself. Soult is equal, in my opinion, to Bonaparte in the plan, and to others in the execution, but inferior in turning a victory to account. Bonaparte often takes advantage of woods and low grounds to conceal the station of his bodies of reserve. He never attacks without thoroughly reconnoitring the enemy's position, and he keeps back the reserve till a fault committed by the enemy renders its co-operation decisive. When our infantry marches forward in columns, if we apprehend a charge of cavalry, we deploy into the line a part only of the column, leaving a solid body on each flank. Every general of division is free master of the movement of his corps, unless he has received special directions from the marshal. On the morning of action, a distribution of wine and spirits is made to the troops; and on the day after a victory they are in motion as soon as it is light, in pursuit of the enemy. In short, as a commander, Bonaparte possesses the most eminent qualities, but he has the great fault of being easily prejudiced against deserving officers. Several meritorious generals are unemployed, from the vague suspicion of their being either jacobins or Bourbonites; and a very prevailing dissatisfaction exists in the army, on account of the partialities which have been shown to the advantages of birth, wealth, or of female influence. He has also the presumption of thinking, that he is qualified to take the lead in every thing. He was accustomed to dispute on naval topics with Bruix, the only officer who had the courage to speak the truth to him. Enraged at finding the harbour of Boulogne so awkward for his craft to get out, Bonaparte fancied that there was a want of zeal in his naval officers, and ordered Bruix, one day when the barometer had fallen to take the whole flotilla into the roads. The admiral replied, that it would be very hazardous to venture out in the face of a southwest wind, which was likely to become very violent, and begged the emperor to wait a few days. "Not one hour," rejoined Bonaparte, "my will is that it be done instantly. My victories have been obtained by a single word, FORWARD, and I desire that henceforth it may be the watchword in my navy." Bruix, in despair, obeyed, and took out the fleet, but it had not been three hours in the roads when a dreadful tempest arose. Several boats foundered, and others were wrecked. Admiral Lacrosse succeeded in running into Estapes, after the most imminent danger. Bonaparte came down to

the beach to assist in saving the shipwrecked, and remained there during a great part of the night, plunging often into the water to lay hold of the floating bodies. The loss of lives was computed at nine hundred, but Bonaparte no longer interfered with Bruix in his naval command.

The favourite general of M. Sarrazin, on whose exploits he dwells with predilection and enthusiasm, is Kleber. Though his zeal is no doubt heightened by the remembrance of personal intimacy and attachment, we are inclined on the most sober examination, to form a high estimate of the merits of that commander. The rapid succession of military exploits, in late years, has taken off the public attention from the character of the leaders in the beginning of the revolutionary contest; among whom Clairfait on the side of the Austrians, and Kleber on that of the French, deserve to occupy a distinguished rank. Kleber was second in command under Jourdan, in the memorable campaign of 1796; and when we consider the incapacity of his chief, it is no exaggeration to pronounce, that the French army twice owed its preservation to Kleber's exertions. In Egypt, also, and in Syria his skill and gallantry were conspicuous. He was born at Alsace, and was induced to enter at an early age into the Austrian service, from which he retired, discouraged by the slow prospect of promotion for a foreigner. Returning to his native place he exercised for some time his father's profession of Architect, till, with others he was called into the field by the tumult of the revolution. He distinguished himself on the Rhine as early as 1792, was made general of brigade the next year, and general of division in 1794. The French army was then in a very rude state, but Kleber soon brought his men into discipline; and on the occurrence of those checks, which were then so frequently the lot of the republican forces, his troops always retreated in the greatest order, while other divisions were flying in confusion. He found time to study the principles of his profession, even in the bustle of camps, and no commander ever possessed more highly the talent of kindling the fire of the soldiery in the day of action. His tall stature, [above six feet,] his piercing look, and his sonorous voice, struck his men with admiration, and made them eager to follow wherever he chose to lead. The natural openness of his character soon rendered him disgusted with Bonaparte's duplicity; and most of our readers will recollect the warmth with which he expressed himself in his despatches from Egypt, in regard to his commander's flight from his post. His assassination took place eight months after Bonaparte's usurpation of the consulship; and M. Sarrazin has no hesitation in attributing it to Menou, as the agent of the Corsican.

The interesting nature of general Sarrazin's military observa-



tions has led us into rather a larger notice of his book than we intended. It is a pity that a man possessed of so much information, should not have taken pains to communicate it to the world in a more authentic shape. Unfortunately, he appears like other Frenchmen, to have little notion of the nature of evidence, or of the necessity of building assertion on a reference to regular documents; and notwithstanding his habits of precision on the staff, he appears to be little skilled in arrangement with regard to literary composition. Under such circumstances of irregularity, the cautious reader is greatly embarrassed to select the part that is entitled to belief, from that which must be condemned as the repetition of vague rumour. The greater portion of the book is probably of the former description; but the plan is so fantastic, and so unsuited to English ideas, that ill-natured critics might almost quote it against general Sarrazin, as an argument in support of the formidable accusation that he is sometimes *NON COMPOS*, which has been advanced by Bonaparte, in revenge for the general's desertion of him.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Dramatic works of John Ford; with an introduction and explanatory notes. By Henry Weber, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. p. 950. Edinburgh and London. 1811.

**ALL** true lovers of English poetry have been long in love with the dramatists of the time of Elizabeth and James; and must have been sensibly comforted by their late restoration to some degree of favour and notoriety. If there was any good reason indeed to believe, that the notice which they have recently attracted, proceeded from any thing but that indiscriminate rage for editing and annotating, by which the present times are so happily distinguished, we should be disposed to hail it, as the most unequivocal symptom of improvement in public taste that has yet occurred to reward and animate our labours. At all events, however, it gives us a chance for such an improvement, by placing in the hands of many, who would not otherwise have heard of them, some of those beautiful performances which we have always regarded as among the most pleasing and characteristic productions of our native genius.

Ford certainly is not the best of those neglected writers,—nor Mr. Weber by any means the best of their recent editors; but we cannot resist the opportunity which this publication seems to afford, of saying a word or two of a class of writers, whom we

have long worshipped in secret with a sort of idolatrous veneration, and now find once more brought forward as candidates for public applause. The æra to which they belong, indeed, has always appeared to us far the brightest in the history of English literature,—or indeed of human intellect and capacity. There never was, any where, any thing like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the period of the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X, nor of Louis XIV, can come at all into comparison ; for, in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced,—the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sydney,—and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh,—and Napier, and Milton, and Cudworth, and Hobbes, and many others ;—men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original ;—not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings ; but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed,—and enlarging, to an incredible and unparalleled extent, both the stores and the resources of the human faculties.

Whether the brisk concussion which was given to men's minds by the force of the Reformation, had much effect in producing this sudden development of British genius, we cannot undertake to determine. For our own part, we should be rather inclined to hold, that the Reformation itself was but one symptom or effect of that great spirit of progression and improvement, which had been set in operation by deeper and more general causes, and which afterwards blossomed out into this splendid harvest of authorship. But whatever may have been the causes that determined the appearance of these great works, the fact is certain, not only that they appeared together, in great numbers, but that they possessed a common character, which, in spite of the great diversity of their subjects and designs, would have made them be classed together as the works of the same order or description of men, even if they had appeared at the most distant intervals of time. They are the works of giants—and of giants of one nation and family ; and their characteristics are, great force, boldness, and originality : together with a certain raciness of English peculiarity, which distinguishes them from all those performances that have since been produced upon a more vague and general idea of European excellence. Their sudden appearance, indeed, in all this splendour of native luxuriance, can only be compared to what happens on the break-



ing up of a virgin soil,—where all indigenous plants spring up at once with a rank and irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar or excellent in their nature, on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent. The crops are not indeed so clean as where a more exhausted mould has been stimulated by systematic cultivation, nor so profitable, as where their quality has been varied by a judicious admixture of exotics, and accommodated to the demands of the universe, by the combinations of an unlimited trade. But to those whose chief object of admiration is the living power and energy of vegetation, and who take delight in contemplating the various forms of her unforced and natural perfection, no spectacle can be more rich, splendid, or attractive.

In the times of which we are speaking, classical learning, though it had made great progress, had by no means become an exclusive study ; and the ancients had not yet been permitted to subdue men's minds to a sense of hopeless inferiority, or to condemn the moderns to the lot of humble imitators. They were resorted to, rather to furnish materials and occasional ornaments, than as models for the general style of composition ; and, while they enriched the imagination, and insensibly improved the taste of their successors, they did not at all restrain their freedom, or impair their originality. No common standard had yet been erected, to which all the works of European genius were required to conform ; and no general authority was acknowledged by which all private or local ideas of excellence must submit to be corrected. Both readers and authors were comparatively few in number. The former were infinitely less critical than they have since become ; and the latter, if they were not less solicitous about fame, were at least much less jealous and timid as to the hazards which attended its pursuit. Men, indeed, seldom took to writing in those days, unless they had a great deal of matter to communicate ; and neither imagined that they could make a reputation, by delivering common-places in an elegant manner, or that the substantial value of their sentiments would be disregarded for a little rudeness or negligence in the finishing. They were habituated, therefore, both to depend upon their own resources, and to draw upon them without fear or anxiety ; and followed the dictates of their own taste and judgment, without standing in awe of the ancients, of their readers, or of each other.

The achievements of Bacon, and of those who set free our understandings from the shackles of Papal, and of tyrannical imposition, afford sufficient evidence of the benefit which resulted to the reasoning faculties from this happy independence of the first great writers of this nation. But its advantages were, if possible, still more conspicuous in the mere literary character of their productions. The quantity of bright thoughts, of original

images, and splendid expressions, which they poured forth upon every occasion, and by which they illuminated and adorned the darkest and most rugged topics to which they had happened to turn themselves, is such as has never been equalled in any other age or country ; and places them at least as high, in point of fancy and imagination, as of force of reason, or comprehensiveness of understanding. In this highest and most comprehensive sense of the word, a great proportion of the writers we have alluded to were *Poets* : and, without going to those who composed in metre, and chiefly for purposes of delight, we will venture to assert, that there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery—more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures, and new applications of old figures—more, in short, of the body and the soul of poetry, than in all the odes and the epics that have since been produced in Europe. There are large portions of Barrow, and of Hooker and Bacon, of which we may say nearly as much : Nor can any one have a tolerably adequate idea of the riches of our language and our native genius, who has not made himself acquainted with the prose writers, as well as the poets, of this memorable period.

The civil wars, and the fanaticism by which they were fostered, checked all this fine bloom of the imagination, and gave a different and less attractive character to the energies which they could not extinguish. Yet, these were the times that matured and drew forth the dark, but powerful genius of such men as Cromwell, and Harrison, and Fleetwood, &c.—the milder and more generous enthusiasm of Blake, and Hutchinson, and Hamden—and the stirring and indefatigable spirit of Pym, and Hollis, and Vane—and the chivalrous and accomplished loyalty of Strafford and Falkland, at the same time that they stimulated and repaid the severer studies of Coke, and Selden, and Milton. The drama, however, was entirely destroyed, and has never since regained its honours ; and poetry, in general, lost its ease, and its majesty and force, along with its copiousness and originality.

The restoration made things still worse ; for it broke down the barriers of our literary independence, and reduced us to a province of the great republic of Europe. The genius and fancy which lingered through the usurpation, though soured and blighted by the severities of that inclement season, were still genuine English genius and fancy ; and owned no allegiance to any foreign authorities. But the Restoration brought in a French taste upon us, and what was called a classical and a polite taste ; and the wings of our English Muses were clipped and trimmed, and their flights regulated, at the expense of all that was peculiar, and much of what was brightest in their beauty. The King and his



courtiers, during their long exile had of course imbibed the taste of their protectors ; and, coming from the gay court of France, with something of that additional profligacy that belonged to their outcast and their adventurous character, were likely enough to be revolted by the peculiarities, and by the very excellencies, of our native literature. The grand and sublime tone of our greater poets, appeared to them dull, morose and gloomy ; and the fine play of their rich and unrestrained fancy, mere childishness and folly : while their frequent lapses and perpetual irregularity were set down as clear indications of barbarity and ignorance. Such sentiments, too, were natural, we must admit, for a few dissipated and witty men, accustomed all their days to the regulated splendour of a court—to the gay and heartless gallantry of French manners—and to the imposing pomp and brilliant regularity of French poetry. But, it may appear somewhat more unaccountable, that they should have been able to impose their sentiments upon the great body of the nation. A court, indeed, never has so much influence as at the moment of a restoration : But the influence of an English court has been but rarely discernible in the literature of the country ; and had it not been for the peculiar circumstances in which the nation was then placed, we believe it would have resisted this attempt to naturalize foreign notions, as sturdily as it was done on almost every other occasion.

At this particular moment, however, the native literature of the country had been sunk into a very low and feeble state by the rigours of the usurpation,—the best of its recent models laboured under the reproach of republicanism,—and the courtiers were not only disposed to see all its peculiarities with an eye of scorn and aversion, but had even a good deal to say in favour of that very opposite style to which they had been habituated. It was a witty, and a grand, and a splendid style. It showed more scholarship and art, than the luxuriant negligence of the old English school ; and was not only free from many of its hazards and some of its faults, but possessed merits of its own, of a character more likely to please those who had then the power of conferring celebrity, or condemning to derision. Then it was a style which it was peculiarly easy to justify by argument ; and in support of which, great authorities, as well as imposing reasons, were always ready to be produced. It came upon us with the air and the pretension of being the style of cultivated Europe, and a true copy of the style of polished antiquity. England, on the other hand, had had but little intercourse with the rest of the world for a considerable period of time : Her language was not at all studied on the Continent, and her native authors had not been taken into account in forming those ideal standards of excellence which had been recently constructed in France and Italy, upon the authority of the Ro-

man classics, and of their own most celebrated writers. When the comparison came to be made, therefore, it is easy to imagine that it should generally be thought to be very much to our disadvantage, and to understand how the great multitude, even among ourselves, should be dazzled with the pretensions of the fashionable style of writing, and actually feel ashamed of their own richer and more varied productions.

It would greatly exceed our limits to describe accurately the particulars in which this new Continental style differed from our old insular one: But, for our present purpose, it may be enough perhaps to say, that it was more worldly, and more townish,—holding more of reason, and ridicule and authority—more elaborate and more assuming—addressed more to the judgment than to the feelings, and somewhat ostentatiously accommodated to the habits, or supposed habits, of persons in fashionable life. Instead of tenderness and fancy, we had satire and sophistry—artificial declamation, in place of the spontaneous animations of genius—and for the universal language of Shakspeare, the personalities, the party politics, and the brutal obscenities of Dryden. Nothing, indeed, can better characterize the change which had taken place in our national taste, than the alterations and additions which this eminent person presumed—and thought it necessary—to make on the productions of Shakspeare and Milton. The heaviness, the coarseness, and the bombast of that abominable travesty, in which he has exhibited the *Paradise Lost* in the form of an opera, and the atrocious indelicacy and compassionable stupidity of the new characters with which he has polluted the enchanted solitude of *Miranda* and *Prospero* in the *Tempest*, are such instances of degeneracy as we would be apt to impute rather to some transient hallucination in the author himself, than to the general prevalence of any systematic bad taste in the public, did we not know that Wycherly and his coadjutors were in the habit of converting the neglected dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher into popular plays, merely by leaving out all the romantic sweetness of their characters—turning their melodious blank verse into vulgar prose—and aggravating the indelicacy of their lower characters, by lending a more disgusting indecency to the whole *dramatis personæ*.

Dryden was, beyond all comparison, the greatest poet of his own day; and, endued as he was with a vigorous and discursive imagination, and possessing a mastery over his language which no later writer has attained, if he had known nothing of foreign literature, and been left to form himself on the models of Shakspeare, Spenser and Milton; or if he had lived in the country, at a distance from the pollutions of courts, factions and playhouses, there is reason to think that he would have built up the pure and original school of English poetry so firmly, as to have made it



impossible for fashion, or caprice, or prejudice of any sort, ever to have rendered any other popular, among our own inhabitants. As it is, he has not written one line that is pathetic, and very few that can be considered as sublime.

Addison, however, was the consummation of this Continental style; and if it had not been redeemed about the same time by the fine talents of Pope, would probably have so far discredited it, as to have brought us back to our original faith half a century ago. The extreme caution, timidity and flatness of this author, in his poetical compositions—the narrowness of his range in poetical sentiment and diction, and the utter want either of passion or of brilliancy, render it difficult to believe that he was born under the same sun with Shakspeare, and wrote but a century after him. His fame, at this day, stands solely upon the delicacy, the modest gayety and ingenious purity of his prose style;—for the occasional elegance and small ingenuity of his poems can never redeem the poverty of their diction, and the tameness of their conception. Pope has incomparably more spirit and taste, and animation: but Pope is a satirist, and moralist, and a wit, and a critic, and a fine writer, much more than he is a poet. He has all the delicacies and proprieties and felicities of diction—but he has not a great deal of fancy, and scarcely ever touches any of the greater passions. He is much the best, we think, of the classical Continental school; but he is not to be compared with the masters—nor with the pupils—of that Old English one from which there had been so lamentable an apostasy. There are no pictures of nature or of simple emotion in all his writings. He is the poet of town life, and of high life, and of literary life; and seems so much afraid of incurring ridicule by the display of natural feeling or unregulated fancy, that it is difficult not to imagine that he thought such ridicule would have been very well directed.

The best of what we copied from the Continental poets, on this desertion of our own great originals, is copied in the lighter pieces of Prior. That tone of polite raillery—that airy, rapid, picturesque narrative, mixed up of wit and *naiveté*—that style, in short, of good conversation, consecrated into flowing and polished verses, was not within the vein of our native poets, and probably never would have been known among us, if we had been left to our own resources. It is lamentable, that this, which alone was worth borrowing, is the only thing which has not been retained. The tales and little apologues of Prior are still the only examples of this style in our language.

With the wits of Queen Anne, this foreign school attained the summit of its reputation; and has ever since, we think, been declining, though by slow and almost imperceptible gradations.

Thomson was the first writer of any eminence who seceded from it, and made some steps back to the force and animation of our original poetry. Thomson, however, was educated in Scotland, where the new style, we believe, had not yet become familiar; and lived, for a long time, a retired and unambitious life, with very little intercourse with those who gave the tone in literature at the period of his first appearance. Thomson, accordingly, has always been popular with a much wider circle of readers than either Pope or Addison; and, in spite of considerable vulgarity and signal cumbrousness of diction, has drawn, even from the fastidious, a much deeper and more constant admiration.

Young exhibits, we think, a curious combination, or contrast rather, of the two styles of which we have been speaking. Though incapable either of tenderness or passion, he had a richness and activity of fancy that belonged rather to the days of James and Elizabeth, than to those of George and Anne;—but then, instead of indulging it, as the older writers would have done, in easy and playful inventions, in splendid descriptions, or glowing illustrations, he is led by the restraints and established taste of his age, to work it up into strained and fantastical epigrams, or into cold and revolting hyperboles. Instead of letting it flow gracefully on, in an easy and sparkling current, he perpetually forces it out in jets, or makes it stagnate in formal canals;—and thinking it necessary to write like Pope, when the bent of his genius led him rather to copy what was best in Cowley and most fantastic in Shakspeare, he has produced something which excites wonder instead of admiration, and is felt by every one to be at once ingenious, incongruous, and unnatural.

After Young, there was a plentiful lack of poetical talent, down to a period comparatively recent. Akenside and Gray, indeed, in the interval, discovered a new way of imitating the ancients;—and Collins and Goldsmith produced some small specimens of exquisite and original poetry. At last, Cowper threw off the whole trammels of French criticism and artificial refinement; and, setting at defiance all the imaginary requisites of poetical diction and classical imagery—dignity of style, and politeness of phraseology—ventured to write again with the force and the freedom which formed the great characteristic of the old school of English literature, and had been so unhappily sacrificed, upwards of a century before. Cowper had many faults, and some radical deficiencies;—but this atoned for all. There was something so delightfully refreshing, in seeing natural phrases and natural images again displaying their unforced graces, and waving their unpruned heads in the enchanted gardens of poetry, that no one complained of the taste displayed in the selection;—and



Cowper is, and is likely to continue, the most popular of all who have written for the present or the last generation.

Of the poets who have come after him, we cannot, indeed, say, that they have attached themselves to the school of Pope and Addison; or that they have even failed to show a much stronger predilection for the native beauties of their great predecessors. Southey, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Miss Baillie, have all of them copied the manner of our older poets; and, along with this indication of good taste, have given great proofs of original genius. The misfortune is, that their copies of those great originals, are all liable to the charge of extreme affectation. They do not write as those great poets would have written: they merely mimic their manner, and ape their peculiarities;—and consequently, though they profess to imitate the freest and most careless of all versifiers, their style is more remarkably and offensively artificial than that of any other class of writers. They have mixed in, too, so much of the mawkish tone of pastoral innocence and babyish simplicity, with a sort of pedantic emphasis and ostentatious glitter, that it is difficult not to be disgusted with their perversity, and with the solemn self-complacency, and keen and vindictive jealousy, with which they have put in their claim for public admiration. But we have said enough elsewhere of the faults of these authors; and shall only add, at present, that, notwithstanding all these faults, there is a fertility and a force, a warmth of feeling and an exaltation of imagination, about them, which classes them, in our estimation, with a much higher order of poets than the followers of Dryden and Addison: and justifies an anxiety for their fame, in all the admirers of Milton and Shakspeare.

Of Scott, or of Campbell, we need scarcely say any thing, with reference to our present object, after the very copious accounts we have given of them on former occasions. The former professes to copy something a good deal older than what we consider as the golden age of English poetry,—and, in reality, has copied every style, and borrowed from every manner that has prevailed, from the time of Chaucer to his own,—illuminating and uniting, if not harmonizing them all, by a force of colouring, and a rapidity of succession, which is not to be met with in any of his many models. The latter, we think, can scarcely, be said to have copied his pathos, or his energy, from any models whatever, either recent or early. The exquisite harmony of his versification, is elaborated, perhaps, from the Castle of Indolence of Thomson, and the serious pieces of Goldsmith;—and it seems to be his misfortune, not to be able to reconcile himself to any thing which he cannot reduce within the limits of this elaborate harmony. The extreme fastidiousness, and the limit-

ation of his efforts to themes of unbroken tenderness or sublimity, distinguish him from the careless, prolific, and miscellaneous authors of our primitive poetry ;—while the enchanting softness of his pathetic passages, and the power and originality of his more sublime conceptions, place him at a still greater distance from the wits, as they truly called themselves, of Charles II. and Queen Anne.

We do not know what other apology to offer for this hasty, and, we fear, tedious sketch of the history of our poetry, but that it appeared to us to be necessary, in order to explain the peculiar merit of that class of writers to which the author before us belongs ;—and that it will very greatly shorten what we have still to say on the characteristics of the older dramatists. An opinion prevails very generally on the Continent, and with foreign-bred scholars among ourselves, that our national taste has been corrupted chiefly by our idolatry of Shakspeare ;—and that it is our patriotic and traditional admiration of that singular writer, that reconciles us to the monstrous compound of faults and beauties that occur in his performances, and must to all impartial judges appear quite absurd and unnatural. Before entering upon the character of a contemporary dramatist, it was of some importance, therefore to show, that there was a distinct, original, and independent school of literature in England in the time of Shakspeare, to the general tone of whose productions his works were sufficiently conformable ; and that it was owing to circumstances in a great measure accidental, that this native school was superseded about the time of the Restoration, and a foreign standard of excellence introduced upon us, not in the drama only, but in every other department of poetry. This new style of composition, however, though adorned and recommended by the splendid talents of many of its followers, was never perfectly naturalized, we think, in this country ; and has ceased, in a great measure, to be cultivated by those who have lately aimed with the greatest success at the higher honours of poetry. Our love of Shakspeare, therefore, is not a solitary and unaccountable infatuation, but is merely the natural love which all men bear to those forms of excellence that have been devised with a reference to their peculiar character, temperament and situation ; and will return, and assert its power over their affections, long after authority has lost its reverence, fashions been antiquated, and artificial tastes passed away. In endeavouring, therefore, to bespeak some share of favour for such of his contemporaries as had fallen out of notice, during the prevalence of an imported literature, we conceive that we are only enlarging that foundation of native genius, on which alone any lasting superstructure can be



raised, and invigorating that deep-rooted stock upon which all the perennial blossoms of our literature must still be engrafted.

The notoriety of Shakspeare may seem to make it superfluous to speak of the peculiarities of those old dramatists, of whom he will be admitted to be so worthy a representative. Nor shall we venture to say any thing of the confusion of their plots, the disorders of their chronology, their contempt of the unities, or their imperfect discrimination between the provinces of Tragedy and Comedy. Yet there are characteristics which the lovers of literature may not be displeased to find enumerated, and which may constitute no dishonourable distinction for the whole fraternity, independent of the splendid talents and incommunicable graces of their great chieftain.

Of the old English dramatists, then, including under this name (besides Shakspeare), Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, Ford, Shirley, Webster, Dekkar, Field and Rowley, it may be said, in general, that they are more poetical, and more original in their diction, than the dramatists of any other age or country. Their scenes abound more in varied images, and gratuitous excursions of fancy. Their illustrations, and figures of speech, are more borrowed from rural life, and from the simple occupations, or universal feelings of mankind. They are not confined to a certain range of dignified expressions, nor restricted to a particular assortment of imagery, beyond which it is not lawful to look for embellishments. Let any one compare the prodigious variety, and wide-ranging freedom of Shakspeare, with the narrow round of flames, tempests, treasons, victims, and tyrants, that scantily adorn the sententious pomp of the French drama, and he will not fail to recognise the vast superiority of the former, in the excitement of the imagination, and all the diversities of poetical delight. That very mixture of styles, of which the French critics have so fastidiously complained, forms, when not carried to any height of extravagance, one of the greatest charms of our ancient dramatists. It is equally sweet and natural for personages toiling on the barren heights of life, to be recalled to some vision of pastoral innocence and tranquillity, as for the victims or votaries of ambition to cast a glance of envy and agony on the joys of humble content.

These charming old writers, however, have a still more striking peculiarity in their conduct of the dialogue. On the modern stage, every scene is *visibly* studied and digested beforehand,—and every thing from beginning to end, whether it be description, or argument, or vituperation, is very obviously and ostentatiously set forth in the most advantageous light, and with all the decorations of the most elaborate rhetoric. Now, for mere rhetoric, and fine composition, this is very right;—but, for an imitation of na-

ture, it is not quite so well; and however we may admire the powers of the artist, we are not very likely to be moved with any very lively sympathy in the emotions of those very rhetorical interlocutors. When we come to any important part of the play, on the Continental or modern stage, we are sure to have a most complete, formal and exhausting discussion of it in long flourishing orations,—argument after argument propounded and answered with infinite ingenuity, and topic after topic brought forward in well-digested method, without any deviation that the most industrious and practised pleader would not approve of,—till nothing more remains to be said, and a new scene introduces us to a new set of gladiators, as expert and perservering as the former. It is exactly the same when a story is to be told,—a tyrant to be bullied,—or a princess to be wooed. On the old English stage, however, the proceedings were by no means so regular. There the discussions always appear to be casual, and the argument quite artless and disorderly. The persons of the drama are made to speak like men and women who meet without preparation in real life. Their reasonings are perpetually broken by passion, or left imperfect for want of skill. They wander from the point in hand, in the most unbusinesslike manner in the world; and after hitting upon a topic that would afford a judicious playwright room for a magnificent see-saw of pompous declamation, they have always the awkwardness to let it slip, as if perfectly unconscious of its value, and uniformly leave the scene without exhausting the controversy, or stating half the plausible things for themselves, that any ordinary adviser might have suggested after a few weeks reflection. As specimens of eloquent argumentation, we must admit the signal inferiority of our native favourites; but as true copies of nature,—as vehicles of passion and representations of character, we confess we are tempted to give them the preference. When a dramatist brings his chief characters on the stage, we readily admit that he must give them something to say,—and that this something must be interesting and characteristic;—but he should recollect also, that they are supposed to come there without having anticipated all they were to hear, or meditated on all they were to deliver; and that it cannot be characteristic, therefore, because it must be glaringly unnatural, that they should proceed regularly through every possible view of the subject, and exhaust in set order the whole magazine of reflections that can be brought to bear upon their situation.

It would not be fair, however, to leave this view of the matter, without observing, that this unsteadiness and irregularity of dialogue, which gives such an air of nature to our older plays, and keeps the curiosity and attention so perpetually awake, is very frequently carried to a most blamable excess; and that, inde-



pendent of their passion for verbal quibbles, there is an inequality and capricious uncertainty in the taste and judgment of these good old writers, which excites at once our amazement and our compassion. If it be true, that no other man has ever written so finely as Shakspeare has done in his happier passages, it is no less true, that there is not a scribbler now alive who could possibly write worse than he has sometimes written,—who could, on occasion, devise more contemptible ideas, or misplace them so abominably, by the side of such incomparable excellence. That there were no critics, and no critical readers in those days, appears to us but an imperfect solution of the difficulty. He who could write so admirably, must have been a critic to himself. Children may play with the most precious gems, and the most worthless pebbles, without being aware of any difference in their value; but the very powers which are necessary to the production of excellence, must enable the possessor to recognize it as excellence; and he who knows when he succeeds, can scarcely be unconscious of his failures. Unaccountable, however, as it is, the fact is certain, that almost all the dramatic writers of this age appear to be alternately inspired and bereft of understanding; and pass, apparently without being conscious of the change, from the most beautiful displays of genius to the most melancholy exemplifications of stupidity.

There is only one other peculiarity which we shall notice in these ancient dramas; and that is, the singular, though very beautiful, style in which the greater part of them are composed,—a style which we think must have been felt as peculiar by all who peruse them, though it is by no means easy to describe in what its peculiarity consists. It is not, for the most part, a lofty or sonorous style,—nor is it finical or affected,—or strained, quaint, or pedantic,—but it is, at the same time, a style full of turn and contrivance,—with some little degree of constraint and involution,—very often characterised by a studied briefness and simplicity of diction, yet relieved by a certain indirect and figurative cast of expression,—and almost always coloured with a modest tinge of ingenuity, and fashioned, rather too visibly, upon a particular model of elegance and purity. In scenes of powerful passion, this sort of artificial prettiness is commonly shaken off; and, in Shakspeare, it disappears under all his forms of animation: But it sticks closer to most of his contemporaries. In Massinger (who has no passion), it is almost always discernible; and, in the author before us, it gives a peculiar tone to almost all the estimable parts of his productions.—It is now time, however, and more than time, that we should turn to this author.

His biography will not detain us long; for very little is known about him. He was born in Devonshire, in 1586; and entered as

a student in the Middle Temple, where he began to publish poetry, and probably to write plays, soon after his twenty-first year. He did not publish any of his dramatic works, however, till 1629; and though he is supposed to have written fourteen or fifteen pieces for the theatres, only nine appear to have been printed, or to have found their way down to the present times. He is known to have written in conjunction with Rowley and Dekkar, and is supposed to have died about 1640;—and this is the whole that the industry of Mr. Weber, assisted by the researches of Steevens and Malone, has been able to discover of his author.

It would be useless, and worse than useless, to give our readers an abstract of the fable and management of each of the nine plays contained in the volumes before us. A very few brief remarks upon their general character, will form a sufficient introduction to the extracts, by which we propose to let our readers judge for themselves of the merits of their execution. The comic parts are all utterly bad. With none of the richness of Shakspeare's humour, the extravagant merriment of Beaumont and Fletcher, or the strong colouring of Ben Jonson, they are as heavy and indecent as Massinger, and not more witty, though a little more varied, than the buffooneries of Wycherly or Dryden. Fortunately however, the author's merry vein is not displayed in very many parts of his performances. His plots are not very cunningly digested; nor developed, for the most part, by a train of very probable incidents. His characters are drawn rather with occasional felicity, than with general sagacity and judgment. Like those of Massinger, they are very apt to startle the reader with sudden and unexpected transformations, and to turn out, in the latter half of the play, very differently from what they promised to do in the beginning. This kind of surprise has been represented by some as a master-stroke of art in the author, and a great merit in the performance. We have no doubt at all, however, that it arises merely from the writer's carelessness, or change of purpose; and have never failed to feel it a great blemish in every serious piece where it occurs.

The author has not much of the oratorical stateliness and imposing flow of Massinger; nor a great deal of the smooth and flexible diction, the wandering fancy, and romantic sweetness of Beaumont and Fletcher; and yet he comes nearer to these qualities than to any of the distinguishing characteristics of Jonson or Shakspeare. He excels most in representing the pride and gallantry, and high-toned honour of youth, and the enchanting softness, or the mild and graceful magnanimity of female character. There is a certain melancholy air about his most striking representations; and, in the tender and afflicting pathetic, he appears to us occasionally to be second only to him who has never



yet had an equal. The greater part of every play, however, is bad; and there is not one which does not contain faults sufficient to justify the derision of those who are incapable even of comprehending its contrasted beauties.

The diction we think for the most part beautiful, and worthy of the inspired age which produced it. That we may not be suspected of misleading our readers by partial and selected quotations, we shall lay before them the very first sentence of the play which stands first in this collection. The subject is somewhat revolting; though managed with great spirit, and, in the more dangerous parts, with considerable dignity. A brother and sister fall mutually in love with each other; and abandon themselves, with a sort of splendid and perverted devotedness, to their incestuous passion. The sister is afterwards married and their criminal intercourse detected by her husband,—when the brother, perceiving their destruction inevitable, first kills her, and then throws himself upon the sword of her injured husband. The play opens with his attempting to justify his passion to a holy friar, his tutor—who thus addresses him:

*Friar.* Dispute no more in this; for know, young man,  
These are no school points; nice philosophy  
May tolerate unlikely arguments,  
But heaven admits no jest. Wits that presum'd  
On wit too much, by striving how to prove  
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,  
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,  
And filled the world with dev'lish atheism.  
Such questions, youth, are fond: for better 'tis  
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;  
Yet he thou talk'st of is above the sun.  
No more! I may not hear it.

*Gio.* Gentle father,  
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,  
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,  
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left  
Another word untold, which hath not spoke  
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;  
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?  
Must I not do what all men else may,—love?  
No, father! in your eyes I see the change  
Of pity and compassion; from your age,  
As from a sacred oracle, distils  
The life of counsel. Tell me, holy man,  
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?

*Friar.* Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:  
For thou hast mov'd a majesty above  
With thy unranked, almost, blasphemy.

*Gio.* O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

*Friar.* Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames  
Already see thy ruin ; Heaven is just.  
Yet hear my counsel !

*Gio.* As a voice of life.

*Friar.* Hie to thy father's house : there lock thee fast  
Alone within thy chamber ; then fall down  
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground ;  
Cry to thy heart ; wash every word thou utter'st  
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood :  
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of love  
That rots thy soul ; weep, sigh, pray  
Three times a day, and three times every night :  
For seven days space do this ; then, if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, return to me ;  
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself  
At home, whilst I pray for thee here. Away !  
My blessing with thee ! We have need to pray. ' I. 9—12.

In a subsequent scene with the sister, the same holy person maintains the dignity of his style.

' *Friar.* I am glad to see this penance ; for, believe me,  
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,  
As I must tell you true, I marvel how  
The earth hath borne you up ; but weep, weep on,  
These tears may do you good ; weep faster yet,  
Whilst I do read a lecture.

*Ann.* Wretched creature !

*Friar.* Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,  
Almost condemned alive. There is a place,  
(List. daughter) in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires ;  
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness ; in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never dying deaths. There damned souls  
Roar without pity ; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders ; there is burning oil  
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat ; the usurer  
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;  
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,  
Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

*Ann.* Mercy ! oh mercy !

*Friar.* There stand these wretched things,  
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets  
And secret incests, cursing one another. ' &c. I. 63, 64



The most striking scene of the play, however, is that which contains the catastrophe of the lady's fate. Her husband, after shutting her up for some time in gloomy privacy, invites her brother, and all his family, to a solemn banquet; and even introduces him, before it is served up, into her private chamber, where he finds her sitting on her marriage-bed, in splendid attire, but filled with boding terrors and agonizing anxiety. He, though equally aware of the fate that was prepared for them, addresses her at first with a kind of wild and desperate gayety, to which she tries for awhile to answer with sober and earnest warnings,—and then exclaims impatiently,

*Ann.* O let's not waste  
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.  
Alas, these gay attires were not put on  
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast  
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;  
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,  
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,  
Am not for nothing at an instant freed  
To fresh excess. Be not deceiv'd, my brother;  
This banquet is an harbinger of Death  
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,  
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

*Gio.* Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

*Ann.* Distraction and a troubled countenance.

*Gio.* Death, and a swift repining wrath,——yet look,  
What see you in my eyes?

*Ann.* Methinks you weep.

*Gio.* I do indeed. These are the funeral tears  
Shed on your grave. These furrow'd up my cheeks  
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.  
Fair Annabella! should I hear repeat  
The story of my life, we might loose time!  
Be record all the spirits of the air,  
And all things else that are, that day and night,  
Early and late, the tribute which my heart  
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,  
Hath been these tears,—which are her mourners now.  
Never till now did nature do her best,  
To show a matchless beauty to the world,  
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,  
The jealous destinies require again.  
Pray, Annabella, pray! since we must part,  
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne  
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.  
Pray, pray, my sister.

*Ann.* Then I see your drift;  
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

*Gio.* So say I.  
 Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear  
 Of our fast knit affections, though perhaps  
 The laws of conscience and of civil use  
 May justly blame us, yet when they but know  
 Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,  
 Which would in other incests be abhor'd.  
 Give me your hand. How sweetly life doth run  
 In these well-colour'd veins ! how constantly  
 These palms do promise health ! but I could chide  
 With nature for this cunning flattery.—  
 Kiss me again,—forgive me.

*Ann.* With my heart.

*Gio.* Farewell.

*Ann.* Will you be gone ?

*Gio.* Be dark, bright sun,  
 And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays  
 May not behold a deed will turn their splendour  
 More sooty than the poets feign their Styx !  
 One other kiss, my sister.

*Ann.* What means this ?

*Gio.* To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss. [Stabs her]  
 Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand.

*Ann.* Oh brother, by your hand !

*Gio.* When thou art dead  
 I'll give my reasons for't ; for to dispute  
 With thee, even in thy death, most lovely beauty,  
 Would make me stagger to perform this act  
 Which I most glory in.

*Ann.* Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins ! Farewell.  
 Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven,—oh—oh.

[Dies.]

*Gio.* She's dead, alas, good soul ! This marriage-bed  
 In all her best, bore her alive and dead.  
 Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this ;  
 I have prevented now thy reaching plots,  
 And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood  
 I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,  
 How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
 Triumphant over infamy and hate !  
 Shrink not, courageous hand ; stand up, my heart.  
 And boldly act my last, and greater part ! [Exit with the body.]

I. 98—101.

There are few things finer than this in Shakspeare. It bears an obvious resemblance indeed to the death of Desdemona ; and, taking it as a detached scene, we think it rather the more beautiful of the two. The sweetness of the diction—the natural tone of tenderness and passion—the strange perversion of kind and mag-



nanimous natures, and the horrid catastrophe by which their guilt is at once consummated and avenged, have not often been rivalled in the pages, either of the modern or the ancient drama.

The play entitled 'The Broken Heart,' is in our author's best manner; and would supply more beautiful quotations than we have left room for inserting. The story is a little complicated; but the following slight sketch of it will make our extracts sufficiently intelligible. Penthea, a noble lady of Sparta, was betrothed, with her father's approbation and her own full consent, to Orgilus; but being solicited, at the same time, by Bassanes, a person of more splendid fortune, was, after her father's death, in a manner compelled by her brother Ithocles to violate her first engagement, and yield him her hand. In this ill sorted alliance, though living a life of unimpeachable purity, she was harassed and degraded by the perpetual jealousies of her unworthy husband, and pined away, like her deserted lover, in sad and bitter recollections of the happy promise of their youth. Ithocles, in the mean time, had pursued the course of ambition with a bold and commanding spirit, and had obtained the highest honours of his country, too much occupied in the pursuit to think of the misery to which he had condemned the sister who was left to his protection; At last, however, in the midst of his proud career, he is seized with a sudden passion for Calantha, the heiress of the sovereign, and, after many struggles, is reduced to ask the intercession and advice of his unhappy sister, who was much in favour with the princess. The following is the scene in which he makes this request;—and to those who have learned, from the preceding passages, the lofty and unbending temper of the suppliant, and the rooted and bitter anguish of her whom he addresses, it cannot fail to appear one of the most striking in the whole compass of dramatic composition.

*Ith.* Sit nearer, sister, to me ;—nearer yet :  
We had one father, in one womb took life,  
Were brought up twins together,—yet have liv'd  
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish  
That the first pillow, whereon I was cradled,  
Had prov'd to me a grave.

*Pen.* You had been happy :  
Then had you never known that sin of life  
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,  
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,  
From whom you had your being.

*Ith.* Sad Penthea !  
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen  
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom  
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust—  
For which mine's now a-breaking.

*Pen.* Not yet, heaven,  
I do beseech thee! first, let some wild fires  
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherish'd  
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

*Ith.* Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

*Pen.* Here, lo, I breathe,  
A miserable creature, led to ruin  
By an unnatural brother!

*Ith.* I consume  
In languishing affections for that trespass;  
Yet cannot die.

*Pen.* The handmaid to the wages,  
The untroubled but of country toil, drinks streams  
With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,  
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I  
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

*Ith.* The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,  
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep;  
Whilst every bit I touch turns in digestion  
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.  
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,  
And I will call thee merciful.

*Pen.* Pray kill me,  
Rid me from living with a jealous husband,  
Then we will join in friendship, be again  
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray: nay, will ye?

*Ith.* How doth thy lord esteem thee?

*Pen.* Such an one  
As only you have made me: a faith breaker,  
A spotted whore: forgive me; I *am* one  
In act,—not in desires, the gods must witness.

*Ith.* Thou dost bely thyself.

*Pen.* I do not, Ithocles;  
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives  
In known adultery with Bassanes,  
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?

*Ith.* After my victories abroad, at home  
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature  
Hath made my actions monstrous; and thou shalt stand  
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd  
For thy resolved martyrdom: wrong'd maids  
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine  
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice  
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle, if thy pity  
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, tend  
One finger but to ease it.

*Pen.* Oh, no more.

*Ith.* Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,  
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;  
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.



*Pen.* Who is the saint you serve?

*Ith.* Friendship or nearness  
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not  
Have mov'd that question, as a secret, sister,  
I dare not murmur to myself.

*Pen.* Let me  
(By your new protestations I conjure ye!)  
Partake her name.

*Ith.* Her name?—'tis—'tis—I dare not.

*Pen.* All your respects are forg'd.

*Ith.* They are not.—Peace!—  
Calantha 'tis;—the princess, the king's daughter,  
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!—  
Do I now love thee? For my injuries  
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip  
My treasons to the king's ears. Do!—Calantha  
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

*Pen.* Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not  
Split even your very soul to see her father  
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,  
And force her on the prince of Argos?

*Ith.* Trouble not  
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;  
I sweat in blood for't.

*Pen.* We are reconciled!—  
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches  
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide:  
Have comfort, you may find it.

*Ith.* Yes, in thee;  
Only in thee, Penthea mine!

*Pen.* If sorrows  
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,  
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

*Ith.* Mad man! why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent?"

I. 273—277.

We cannot resist the temptation of adding a part of the scene in which this sad ambadress acquits herself of the task she had undertaken. There is a tone of heart-struck sorrow and female gentleness and purity about it, that is singularly engaging, and contrasts strangely with the atrocious indecencies, with which the author has polluted his paper in other parts of the same play.—The princess says,

“*Cal.* Being alone, Penthea, you have granted  
The opportunity you sought, and might  
At all times have commanded.

*Pen.* 'Tis a benefit  
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for;  
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes  
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;

For by an inward messenger I feel  
The summons of departure short and certain.

*Cal.* You feed too much your melancholy.

*Pen.*

Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,  
And shadows soon decaying. On the stage  
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted  
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length  
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,  
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,  
With every sensuality our giddiness  
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,  
When any troubled passion makes us halt  
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

*Cal.* Contemn not your condition, for the proof  
Of bare opinion only : to what end  
Reach all these moral texts ?

*Pen.*

To place before ye

A perfect mirror, wherein you may see  
How weary I am of a lingering life  
Who count the best a misery.

*Cal.*

Indeed

You have no little cause ; yet none so great  
As to distrust a remedy.

*Pen.*

That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,  
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.—  
Not to detain your expectation, princess,  
I have an humble suit.

*Cal.*

Speak ; and enjoy it.

*Pen.* Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,  
And take that trouble on you to dispose  
Such legacies, as I bequeath impartially ;  
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,  
Heav'n will reward your pity, and thank it  
When I am dead ; for sure I must not live :  
I hope I cannot.

After leaving her fame, her youth, &c. in some very pretty,  
but fantastical verses, she proceeds :—

‘ *Pen.* ’Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart ;  
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain  
I should have given that too ; but instead  
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,  
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,  
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love  
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

‘ *Cal.* What say'st thou ?

‘ *Pen.*

I must leave the world



To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just  
To wish my brother some advantage here ;  
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant  
Of this pursuit.

' *Cal.* You have forgot, Penthea,  
How still I have a father.

*Pen.* But remember  
I am a sister, though to me this brother  
Hath been, you know, unkind : Oh, most unkind !' I. 291—3.

We pass, now, to another branch of the story. Penthea dies distracted ; and Orgilus appears to be reconciled to Ithocles, who had sought his friendship with much zeal and condescension. The former, however, though of a generous and lofty nature, could not forgive the cruel injuries, which had just been consummated by the death of the heart-broken Penthea. He trains her brother, therefore to the chamber where the departed mourner still sits, veiled, in the chair where she died, and where we are almost ashamed to say, Mr. Ford has made her lover prepare a sort of man-trap in an adjoining chair, in order to place his oppressor altogether at his mercy. This childish, needless, and paltry contrivance, gives a mean and ludicrous air to the whole scene ; which is written, however, with such force and spirit, as to deserve well to be extracted. After Ithocles has ascertained the fact of his sister's death, he says—

——' Mine only sister !

Another is not left me.

' *Org.* Take that chair,  
I'll seat me here in this : between us sits  
The object of our sorrows ; some few tears  
We'll part among us ; I perhaps can mix  
One lamentable story to prepare them.—  
There, there ! sit there, my lord.

' *Ith.* Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, and is caught in the engine.*]

What means this treachery ?

' *Org.* Caught ! you are caught,  
Young master : 'tis thy throne of coronation,  
Thou fool of greatness. See, I take this veil off :  
Survey a beauty withered by the flames  
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

' *Ith.* Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

' *Org.* I foreknew  
The last act of her life, and trained thee hither  
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.  
You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye ? how to bosom  
The delicacies of a youngling princess,  
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,

How with that frown to make this noble tremble,  
 And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,  
 Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,  
 Ne'er touched upon your thought ? As for *my* injuries,  
 Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;  
 But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.  
 Behold thy fate : this steel ! [Draws his sword.]

*Ith.* Strike home ! A courage  
 As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.  
 But pr'ythee faint not ; if the wound close up,  
 Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.  
 Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,  
 As loath to leave the vainness of my glories :  
 A statelier resolution arms my confidence,  
 To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,  
 With equal trial of unequal fortune,  
 By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery  
 Too mighty for a slave intending murder.  
 On to the execution, and inherit  
 A conflict with thy horrors !

*Org.* By Apollo,  
 Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital  
 I will report thee to thy mistress richly.  
 And take this peace along ; some few short minutes  
 Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow  
 Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,  
 Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.  
 Give me thy hand : be healthful in thy parting  
 From lost mortality. Thus, thus I free it. [Stabs him.]

*Ith.* Yet, yet I scorn to shrink.  
*Org.* Keep up thy spirit :  
 I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger  
 Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

*Ith.* Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow  
 Safety, with best success : Oh, may it prosper !  
 Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds ;  
 The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith.  
 Thoughts of ambition or delicious banquet,  
 With beauty, youth, and love, together perish  
 In my last breath, which on the sacred altar  
 Of a long look'd for peace—now—move—to heaven. [Dies.]

*Org.* Farewell, fair spring of manhood ; henceforth welcome  
 Best expectation of a noble sufferance.  
 I'll look the bodies safe, till what must follow  
 Shall be approved.—Sweet twins shine stars for ever !

I. 317—320.

The concluding scenes of this powerful and original drama, are marked with the same painful strength of colouring, and rather more than the same extravagancies. Calantha, dancing at a



court-ball, is told successively, of the death of her father, of Penthea, and of Ithocles her betrothed husband ; but dances on with seeming indifference and composure, till the entertainment is closed. She then, with great apparent coolness, condemns Orgilus to death, who chooses to die in the Roman fashion, by opening the veins of his arms ; and this strange and disgusting operation is performed on the open stage with much solemnity. To show how much better our author's execution is than his conception of such passages, we shall insert this singular scene, the strength and spirit of which would almost redeem the unhappy choice of the catastrophe. After his arms are bared, and *pieces of tape tied round each*, as the stage directions accurately inform us, Orgilus speaks thus,

—‘ If a proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,  
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,  
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,  
Might have betrayed me to ignoble flight,  
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety :  
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not  
The sickness of my fortune ; which, since Bassanes  
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.  
We trifle time in words : thus I show cunning  
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[ *Opens a vein in his arm.* ]

‘ *Bass.* It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached ;  
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.  
But pr'ythee, look not pale ; have at ye !

This pastime

Appears majestic : some high-tun'd poem  
Hereafter shall deliver to posterity  
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.  
How is't, man ? Droop not yet !

‘ *Org.* I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death ;  
My sovereign as his liegeman ; on my mistress,  
As a devoted servant ; and on Ithocles,  
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy :  
Nor did I use an engine to entrap  
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat  
Youth, strength, or cunning ; but for that I durst not  
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,  
By which his name might have outfac'd my vengeance.  
When feeble man is bending to his mother,  
The dust he was first fram'd on, thus he totters.

[ *Falling.* ]

‘ *Bass.* Life's fountain is dried up.

‘ *Org.* So falls the standard  
Of my prerogative in being a creature.

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes ; the sun's bright splendour  
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow.  
Welcome thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,  
No heat can ever thaw thee. [Dies.' I. 328—30.

In the concluding scene, Calantha arranges all the offices of her kingdom with the same majestic composure, with which she had judged and sentenced Orgilus on the first intelligence of her lover's death. But after all those high duties are fulfilled, she turns suddenly to the altar on which his body had been deposited, and breaks out into the following grand and most moving speech ; almost immediately after which, she leans down on the altar, and expires.

' Cal. Forgive me.—Now I turn to thee, thou shadow  
Of my contracted lord ! bear witness all,  
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon  
His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am ;  
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,  
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,  
When one news straight came huddling on another,  
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward ;  
But it struck home !—and here !—and in an instant !  
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,  
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,  
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them :  
'They are the silent grief which cut the heartstrings ;  
Let me die smiling.' I. 333—34.

There are passages of equal power and beauty in the plays called 'Love's Sacrifice,' 'The lover's Melancholy,' and in 'Fancies, Chaste and Noble.' In Perkin Warbeck, there is a more uniform and sustained elevation of style. But we pass all those over, to give our readers a word or two from 'The Witch of Edmonton,' a drama founded upon the recent execution of a miserable old woman for that fashionable offence ; and in which the devil, in the shape of a black dog, is a principal performer. The greatest part of the play, in which Ford was assisted by Dekkar and Rowley, is of course utterly absurd and contemptible, though not without its value as a memorial of the strange superstition of the age ; but it contains some scenes of great interest and beauty, though written in a lower and more familiar tone than most of those we have already exhibited. As a specimen of the range of the author's talents, we shall present our readers with one of these. Frank Thorney had privately married a woman of inferior rank, and is afterwards strongly urged by his father and his own



inclination, to take a second wife, in the person of a rich yeoman's daughter, whose affections were fixed upon him. After taking this unjustifiable step, he is naturally troubled with certain inward compunctions, which manifest themselves in his exterior, and excite the apprehensions of his innocent bride. It is her dialogue with him that we are now to extract; and we think, the picture that it affords of unassuming innocence and singleness of heart, is drawn, with great truth, and even elegance. She begins with asking him, why he changes countenance so suddenly. He answers—

‘ Who, I? For nothing.

*Sus.* Dear, say not so : a spirit of your constancy  
Cannot endure this change for nothing. I've observ'd  
Strange variations in you.

*Frank.* In me ?

*Sus.* In you, Sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep  
You utter sudden and distracted accents,  
Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband,  
If I may dare to challenge any interest  
In you, give me thee fully : you may trust  
My breast as safely as your own.

*Frank.* With what ?

You half amaze me ; pr'ythee—

*Sus.* Come, you shall not,

Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking  
The least dislike that grieves you. I'm all your's.

*Frank.* And I all thine.

*Sus.* You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me ; but I find the cause ;  
It grew from me.

*Frank.* From you ?

*Sus.* From some distaste

In me or my behaviour : you're not kind  
In the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young,  
Silly and plain ; more strange to those contents  
A wife should offer. Say but in what I fail,  
I'll study satisfaction.

*Frank.* Come ; in nothing.

*Sus.* I know I do : knew I as well in what,  
You should not long be sullen. Pr'ythee, love,  
If I have been immodest or too bold,  
Speak't in a frown ; if peevishly too nice,  
Shew't in a smile. Thy liking is a glass  
By which I'll habit my behaviour.

*Frank.* Wherefore

Dost weep now ?

*Sus.* You, sweet, have the power

To make me passionate as an April day.

Now smile, then weep ; now pale, then crimson red.  
 You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,  
 To make it ebb or flow into my face,  
 As your looks change.

*Frank.* Change thy conceit, I pr'ythee :  
 'Thou'rt all perfection : Diana herself  
 Swells in thy thoughts and moderates thy beauty.  
 Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits  
 Feathering love shafts, whose golden heads he dips  
 In thy chaste breast ; in the other lies  
 Blushing Adonis scarfed in modesties ;  
 And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,  
 Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.

*Sus.* Come, Come : these golden strings of flattery  
 Shall not tie up my speech, Sir ; I must know  
 The ground of your disturbance.

*Frank.* Then look *here* ;  
 For here, here is the fen in which this hydra  
 Of discontent grows rank.

*Sus.* Heaven shield it ! Where ?

*Frank.* In mine own bosom : here the cause has root ;  
 The poisoned leeches twist about my heart,  
 And will, I hope, confound me.

*Sus.* You speak riddles.' II. 437—440.

The unfortunate bigamist afterwards resolves to desert this innocent creature : but, in the act of their parting, is moved by the devil, who rubs against him in the shape of a dog, to murder her. We are tempted to give the greater part of this scene, just to show how much beauty of diction and natural expression of character may be combined with the most revolting and degrading absurdities. The unhappy bridegroom says—

' Why would you delay ? we have no other business  
 Now but to part.

*Sus.* And will not that sweet-heart, ask a long time ?  
 Methinks it is the hardest piece of work  
 That e'er I took in hand.

*Frank.* Fie, fie ! why look,  
 I'll make it plain and easy to you. Farewell. [*Kisses her.*]

*Sus.* Ah, 'las ! I'm not half perfect in it yet.  
 I must have it read o'er an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

*Frank.* Come, again and again, farewell. [*Kisses her.*] Yet  
 wilt return !

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,  
 And revisitation, fully I have answered all.

'There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

*Sus.* And that nothing's more hard than any thing,



Than all the every things. But this request—

*Frank.*

What is't?

*Sus.* That I may bring you thro' one pasture more  
Up to yon knot of trees : amongst those shadows  
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

*Frank.* Why 'tis granted : come, walk then.

*Sus.*

Nay, not too fast :

They say, slow things have best perfection ;  
The gentle show'r wets to fertility,  
The churlish storm makes mischief with his bounty.

*Frank.*

Now your request

Is out : yet will you leave me ?

*Sus.*

What ? so churlishly ?

You'll make me stay for ever,  
Rather than part with such a sound from you.

*Frank.* Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you be gone.  
You have no company, and 'tis very early ;  
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

*Sus.*

Tush ! I fear none :

To leave you is the greatest I can suffer.

*Frank.* So, I shall have more trouble.

Here the dog rubs against him ; and, after some more talk, he  
stabs her.

*Sus.*

Why then I thank you ;

You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,  
That you would thus bestow me on another.  
Thou art my husband, Death ; I embrace thee  
With all the love I have. Forget the stain  
Of my unwitting sin : and then I come  
A crystal virgin to thee. My soul's purity  
Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of mercy ;  
For innocence is ever her companion.

*Frank.* Not yet mortal ? I would not linger you.

Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*]

*Sus.* Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for me !

I did not think that death had been so sweet,  
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,  
Had I stay'd forty years for preparation :  
For I'm in charity with all the world.

Let me for once be thine example, heaven ;

Do to this man as I, forgive him freely,

, And may he better die, and sweeter live. [*Dies.* II. 452-455.]

We cannot afford any more space for Mr. Ford ; and what we  
have said, and what we have shown of him, will probably be  
thought enough, both by those who are disposed to scoff, and  
those who are inclined to admire. It is but fair, however, to in-  
timate, that a thorough perusal of his works will afford more ex-

ercise to the former disposition than to the latter. His faults are glaring and abundant; but we have not thought it necessary to produce any specimens of them, because they are exactly the sort of faults which every one acquainted with the drama of that age reckons upon finding. Nobody doubts of the existence of such faults: but there are many who doubt of the existence of any counterbalancing beauties: and therefore it seemed worth while to say a word or two in their explanation. There is a great treasure of poetry, we think, still to be brought to light in the neglected writers of the age to which this author belongs; and poetry of a kind, which, if purified and improved, as the happier specimens show that it is capable of being, would be far more delighted to the generality of English readers than any other species of poetry. We shall readily be excused for our tediousness by those who are of this opinion; and should not have been forgiven, even if we had not been tedious, by those who look upon it as a heresy.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A description of Egypt, or a collection of the observations and Researches which were made in Egypt, during the expedition of the French army. Published by order of his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon the Great. Folio. At the Imperial Press. Paris. 1809. Imported by De Boffe, London. First delivery. (*Livraison*) Price 84*l.*; or on vellum Paper, with Proof-plates, 150*l.*

**REASONS** both of a commercial and a political nature, made it impossible for Great Britain to look with indifference on the invasion of Egypt by the French, or to allow them to remain in the quiet possession of it: but a member of the republic of letters, if he were to restrict his regards solely to the interests of science, literature, and the arts, would be induced to regret that they were not permitted to occupy this now degraded, though once illustrious region, some time longer. Never before did so large an army, as that of General *Bonaparte*, move to conquest with a complete corps of artists and scientific men attached to it; and not even the antiquities and natural productions of Europe have been explored with so much enthusiasm, skill, and effect. While the enemy do justice to our valour, even in the pages before us,—admitting in the preface to this magnificent work that we annihilated their fleet in the battle of the Nile, and destroyed all their schemes by the victories which we obtained over them on shore,—let us not feel any reluctance in confessing that their plan was great; and that, during the period of their occupation



of Egypt, their researches into the antiquities, natural history, and productions of that country, reflect the highest honour on the *savans* and artists who were employed on this occasion. We are presented with the result of their labours in the truly superb, expensive, and imperial publication, of which the first part is now before us, but which we can do little more than concisely announce, since it has but just reached our hands. We are, however, resolved to announce it, if it be only to inform our readers that this *literary comet* has appeared in our horizon. It issues from the press under the immediate sanction of the French ruler; and, large as the price of it is, we are assured that the very few copies, which the laudable enterprize of M. *De Boffe* has procured for this country, are already sold to our opulent patrons of the arts.

This *premiere livraison*, or first delivery of the work, consists of eight volumes, of different sizes. Two volumes, imperial folio, contain a multitude of beautifully executed plates, representing the monuments of ancient Egypt, modern views of places, subjects of natural history, &c. &c. Of the same size, is given a volume containing an historical preface, and an explanation of the plates. Connected with these three volumes, but vastly surpassing them in magnitude, is *A Geographical Atlas of Egypt and Syria*, of atlantic form, measuring 4 feet 6 inches by three feet; forming a distinct department of the work; and containing general and topographical plans, views of monuments in their present state,—plans, elevations, and sections of buildings,—architectural details,—bas reliefs,—statues,—ornaments, &c.

To the rich exhibition, which is thus offered, are appended four volumes in folio, of the ordinary size; which are replete with illustrative and instructive memoirs on the modern state of Egypt, its natural history, and its antiquities.

The historical Preface, which is written by M. *Fourier*, contains an amusing fund of introductory matter, at which we can only glance. He enlarges on the favourable geographical situation of Egypt,—sketches its various fortunes and revolutions at different periods,—and, while he adverts to its former elevation in arts, agriculture, and commerce, laments its present depression. We here find an open exposition of the motives and views of the French in the Egyptian expedition; and the military events which distinguished it are fairly recorded, as well as the labours of the corps of literati, who, under the protection of the army, worked assiduously in their department. Care is taken to display at full length the benefits which Egypt was deriving, and would in future have derived more largely, from their institutions and instruction; and lamentations are poured over their expul-





prepared for the public, will interest, amuse, and instruct. In offering her opinions on a great variety of subjects, she displays a masculine strength and capacity of mind, unfolding her sentiments in general with great command and felicity of language. In religion she is no bigot, and in politics no slave to fashionable and courtly opinions. She writes as she thinks, without constraint; and many of her observations are so correct in themselves, and so happily expressed, that they may be quoted as apophthegms for the direction of posterity. As a correspondent she was courted; and though she was vain of her talents, and both pedantic and arrogant in the display of them, the fund of knowledge and good sense which she disclosed made her gold current in spite of the alloy. Even as a critic, her powers are considerable; and in combating the excentricities of her critical friends, she manifests a portion of reading and acumen which is very rare among *blue-stockings*. She writes with all the pride of independence, and tells one of her correspondents, that 'her indignation is apt to kindle at every appearance of people presuming upon the superiority of their situation.' It is very evident, however, that she is fond of the great; and that she is peculiarly flattered by the praise which comes from that quarter. In every letter, she appears to be writing for the public rather than for the individual to whom it is addressed, and in consequence of this circumstance a want of ease is apparent. With all her friends, indeed, she is full of display. She is even vain of her person; for she tells us that she has been thought to resemble Mary Queen of Scots, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, between whom no resemblance can exist: and her portrait, prefixed to the first volume of this work, must confine the similitude to the former, if it allows of any to either. Of her talents as a writer and a critic, no individual could cherish a higher opinion than herself;\* and, notwithstanding she tells Mr. Hardinge, that she had written on one of his letters, in which he spoke a little too plainly, "to be read frequently as a medicine against vanity," (see Vol. 2. p. 167.) we never hear that the drawer was again opened which contained this letter, for the purpose of applying the antidote which it furnished. More than once she quotes the golden rule of doing to others as we wish them to do towards us in similar circumstances: but, if she had been a young clergyman in want of a sermon for a particular occasion, and if a female friend who was *ready at composition* had kindly furnished that sermon, which on delivery had gained applause, what would Miss Seward have said of the honour and generosity of the real author, who afterward disclosed the fact in

\* Having in one place mentioned her own poems, she adds, 'I know their poetic worth.'

letters designed for publication, and so marked the circumstances that the poor preacher of petticoat-sermons must be unmasked to the ridicule of all his acquaintance? Yet this has she done.—Her attentions to her aged and helpless father were truly amiable: but an affectation pervades her details of them, which ought to have been kept from the public eye.

With all Miss Seward's high pretensions to authorship and to superlative critical sagacity, her style is not exempt from what Dr. Johnson denominates "colloquial barbarisms." Extensive as her acquaintance was, she knew little of the higher circles of fashion, and did not entirely banish those provincialisms, which are deemed marks of vulgarity in society of the first class. We find in her volumes such expressions as the following, which ought not to have occurred in the letters of a hyper-critic;—in the letters of a lady who severely chastises her friend Mrs. Piozzi for her kitchen-phraseology:—'One can never be weary of wondering';—'to which *folk* are reduced';—'On my life this seems';—'There had been *scarce* an instance';—'I had not been in London *this long time*';—'I was flattered that my picture was thought like by yesterday's *callers*';—'I do not think so highly of the Spectators *as is customary to speak*';—'some two miles from Chesterfield';—'would have expressed this observation *somehow* thus';—'I have an *immense deal* to say,' &c. A long list also of new words may be collected from these volumes; such as *moleism*,—*beetleism*,—*autumn-alaties*,—*unaccountabilities*,—*miserism*,—*dupism*,—*courtierism*,—*frostism*,—*numskullism*, &c. &c. As to the last, we wanted, indeed, an abstract term for a quality which is so very abundant. Her copious application also of endearing epithets to her friends generally occurs without the prefixed article which grammar requires, as *charming Miss A.*—*excellent Mrs. B.*,—*delightful Mr. C.*, &c. when not personally addressed. A little coarseness of remark, too, not very feminine, is observable in the following passage: 'The evidence you bring of Mr. B——'s bachelor voluptuousness is irresistibly strong. I suppose Mr. Day knew it not, or, with his general abhorrence of sensuality, he had spared to mention him with so much esteem:—but, *Lord!* what a pale, maidenish-looking animal for a voluptuary!—so reserved as were his manners!—and his countenance!—a very tablet, upon which the ten commandments seemed written.'

Yet, after all the spots and blemishes which the perspicacity of criticism may discover in these volumes, the honest and impartial reporter (if such, according to Miss S., could be found!) will not hesitate to bestow on the writer of them warm and heart-felt praise, the praise which is due to a cultivated, discriminating, and fascinating intellect.—Our lady-authors, if they do not envy



Miss Seward her fame, will be proud of this correspondence, and will quote it against the lords of the creation in proof of the equality of the female to the masculine intellect ;—we ought to say, in proof of the *superiority* of the female mind ; for Miss S. rides her great horse over, and attempts to trample down, the whole phalanx of men-critics.

It is unnecessary to remark that Miss Seward had the pen of a ready writer, when we state that this selection from her correspondence, which forms not *one-twelfth* of the whole, includes upwards of five hundred letters, some of them extending to a considerable length, addressed to a variety of ladies and gentlemen ; in the list of which are Mr. Hayley, Dr. Percival, Miss Helen Maria Williams, Mr. Hardinge, (the Welch Judge,) Mrs. Knowles, (the Quaker,) Mr. James Boswell, Mr. Repton, (the Landscape Gardener,) Dr. Warner, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Wedgewood, Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Crowe, (Public Orator at Oxford,) Dr. Darwin, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Thomas Christie, Dr. Downman, Rev. Mr. Polwhele, Dr. Parr, Mr. Courtney, M. P., Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, Mr. Park, Rev. R. Fellowes, Dr. Mansel, (now Bishop of Bristol,) Mr. Southey, Mr. Walter Scott, &c. Many other names of less celebrity, present themselves in the table of contents : but to enumerate every one of this lady's correspondents, would be to give a long and uninteresting catalogue.

Our readers, perhaps, may not be disposed to thank us even for this curtailed enumeration, observing that they are not so much concerned to know to whom Miss Seward addressed her letters, as to learn the subjects on which she employed her mind and her pen. To satisfy impatient curiosity, then, we shall present a *coup d'œil* of this miscellany. It offers to us this lady's thoughts on religion, morals, politics, music, preaching, poetic and prose composition, criticism, and the drama. She comments on the publications of the day, discusses the merits of statemen and the policy of their measures, freely offers her sentiments, and gives way to her feelings on the subject of war and our conduct as a nation relative to the French Revolution. When she attends the couch of her 'aged nursling,' as she calls her superannuated father, the sentiments of filial piety and affection breathe in her letters ; and when death had broken this chain which confined her to her home, and her own indisposition obliged her to try the effect of bathing and change of air, her pen executes the office of the pencil, and all the tints of landscape-painting glow in her descriptions. Her loves, her hatreds, and her friendships are recorded, interspersed with references to those local and temporary occurrences which naturally blend themselves in a correspondence that passes between intimates. The general cast and

complexion of these letters, however, must be said to be literary. Miss Seward is throughout the female critic, and she commences with strictures on the merit of Dr. Johnson. Some *good-natured* friend might have told her of the severe remark which this literary Goliath once made on her, viz. "that she had nothing of woman about her but the vices;" and goaded by a stigma so cruelly pointed, she might resolve on taking her revenge, which she wreaks by endeavouring to pull Johnson from that eminence of moral and critical fame, to which the devotion of his admirers had exalted him. Yet, from whatever motives her observations on Jemmy Boswell's gigantic darling might have proceeded, her remarks on his character are for the most part just, and tend to exhibit the Great Growler with those shades which belong to his true portrait. In the fourth letter of Vol. I., addressed to Mr. Hayley, and dated Lichfield, December 23, 1784, she thus writes on the announced death of Dr. Johnson:

"At last, my dear bard, extinct is that mighty spirit, in which so much good and evil, so much large expansion and illiberal narrowness of mind, were blended;—that enlightened the whole literal world with the splendours of his imagination, and, at times, with the steadiest fires of judgment; and, yet more frequently, darkened it with spleen and envy; potent, through the resistless powers of his understanding, to shroud the fairest claims of rival excellence. *Indiscriminate* praise is pouring, in full tides, around his tomb, and characteristic *reality* is overwhelmed in the torrent."

Writing to Mr. Boswell, she reprobates the biographer for not speaking of Johnson 'as he was, the most wonderful composition of great and absurd, of misanthropy and benevolence, of luminous intellect and prejudiced darkness, that was ever produced in the human heart.'—In another place, she adds more odious features to the picture. 'He was a strange compound of great talents, weak and absurd prejudices, strong but unfruitful devotion, intolerant fierceness, compassionate munificence, and corroding envy.' To the last of these traits, she attributes his critical injustice in the *Lives of the Poets*; an injustice for which, as a poet, she cannot forgive him. Let us hear her on this subject in a letter to Mr. Hayley, dated Lichfield, April 10, 1785:

"Mr. Boswell lately passed a few days in Lichfield. I did not find him quite so candid and ingenuous on the subject of Johnson, as I had hoped from the style of his letters. He affected to distinguish, in the despot's favour, between envy and literary jealousy. I maintained, that it was a sophistic distinction, without a real difference. Mr. Boswell urged the unlikelihood that he, who had established his own fame on other ground than that of poetry, should envy poetic reputation, especially where it was posthumous; and seemed to believe that his injustice to Milton, Prior, Gray, Collins, &c. proceeded from real want



of taste for the higher orders of verse, his judgment being too rigidly severe to relish the enthusiasms of imagination.

"Affection is apt to start from the impartiality of calling faults by their proper names. Mr. Boswell soon after, unawares, observed that Johnson had been galled by David Garrick's instant success, and long eclat, who had set sail with himself on the sea of public life; that he took an aversion to him on that account; that it was a little cruel in the great man not once to name David Garrick in his preface to Shakspeare! and base, said I, as well as unkind. Garrick! who had restored that transcendent author to the taste of the public, after it had recreantly and long receded from him; especially as this restorer had been the companion of his youth. He was galled by Garrick's prosperity, rejoined Mr. Boswell. Ah! said I, you now, unawares, cede to my position. If the author of the Rambler could stoop to envy a player, for the hasty splendour of a reputation, which, compared to his own, however that might, for some time, be hid in the night of obscurity, must in the end, prove as the meteor of an hour to the permanent light of the sun, it cannot be doubted, but his injustice to Milton, Gray, Collins, Prior, &c. proceeding from the same cause, produced that leveling system of criticism, "which lifts the mean, and lays the mighty low." Mr. Boswell's comment upon this observation was, that dissenting shake of the head, to which *folks* are reduced, when they will not be convinced, yet find their stores of defence exhausted.

"Mr. B. confessed his idea that Johnson was a Roman Catholic in his heart.—I have heard him, said he, uniformly defend the cruel executions of that dark bigot Queen Mary."

Johnson's religious bigotry is well known; and his singular conversation with Mrs. Knowles, the fair Quaker, has been partially given to the public: but, as Miss Seward undertakes to exhibit it with more accuracy than Boswell has manifested, we shall transcribe the letter in which this dialogue is detailed:

"Letter XXII.—To Mrs. Mompessan.

"Wellsburn, near Warwick, Dec. 31, 1785.

"Behold, dear Mrs. Mompessan, the promised minutes of that curious conversation which once passed at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller, in a literary party, formed by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, Dr. Mayo, and others, whom Mrs. Knowles and myself had been invited to meet, and in which Dr. Johnson and that lady disputed so earnestly. It is, however, previously necessary that you should know the history of the very amiable young woman who was the subject of their debate.

"Miss Jenny Harry that was, for she afterwards married, and died ere the first nuptial year expired, was the daughter of a rich planter in the East Indies. He sent her over to England to receive her education, in the house of his friend, Mr. Spry, where Mrs. Knowles, the celebrated quaker, was frequently a visitor. Mr. Spry affected wit, and was perpetually rallying Mrs. Knowles on the subject of her quakerism, in the presence of this young, gentle, and ingenuous girl; who,

at the age of eighteen, had received what is called a proper education, one of the modern accomplishments, without having been much instructed in the nature and grounds of her religious belief. Upon these visits Mrs. Knowles was often led into a serious defence of quaker-principles. She speaks with clear and graceful eloquence on every subject. Her antagonists were shallow theologians, and opposed only idle and pointless raillery to deep and long-studied reasoning on the precepts of Scripture, uttered in persuasive accents, and clothed with all the beauty of language. Without any *design* of making a proselyte she gained one.

"Miss Harry grew pensively serious, and meditated perpetually on all which had dropt from the lips of Mrs. Knowles on a theme, the infinite importance of which she then, perhaps first began to feel. At length, her imagination pursuing this its *primal* religious bias, she believed quakerism the only true Christianity. Beneath such conviction, she thought it her duty to join, at every hazard of worldly interest, that class of worshippers. On declaring these sentiments, several ingenious clergymen were commissioned to reason with her; but we all know the force of first impressions in theology. This young lady was argued with by the divines, and threatened by her guardian, in vain. She persisted in resigning her splendid expectations for what appeared to her the path of duty.

"Her father, on being made acquainted with her changed faith, informed her, that she might choose between an hundred thousand pounds and his favour, or two thousand pounds and his renunciation, as she continued a church woman or commenced a quaker.

"Miss Harry lamented her father's displeasure, but thanked him for the pecuniary alternative, assuring him that it included all her wishes as to fortune.

"Soon after she left her guardian's house, and boarded in that of Mrs. Knowles; to her she often observed, that Dr. Johnson's displeasure, whom she had seen frequently at her guardian's, and who had always appeared fond of her, was among the greatest mortifications of her then situation. Once she came home in tears, and told her friend she had met Dr. Johnson in the street, and had ventured to ask him how he did; but that he would not deign to answer her, and walked scornfully on. She added, "you are to meet him soon at Mr. Dilly's—plead for me."

"Thus far as prefatory to those requested minutes, which I made at the time of the ensuing conversation. It commenced with Mrs. Knowles saying,—"I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female to whom thou usedst to be kind, and who is uneasy in the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her."

"Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her."

"Yet what is her crime, Doctor?"—"Apostacy, Madam; apostacy from the community in which she was educated."

"Surely the quitting one community for another cannot be a crime,



if it is done from motives of conscience. Hadst thou been educated in the Romish church, I must suppose that thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and there would have been merit in the abjuration."

"Madam, if I had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers; therefore, well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench, who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured."

"She has not done so; the name and the faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries."

"If the name is not, the common sense is."

"I will not dispute this point with thee, Doctor, at least at present it would carry us too far. Suppose it granted, that, in the mind of a young girl, the weaker arguments appeared the strongest, her want of better judgment should excite thy pity, not thy resentment."

"Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them."

"Consider, Doctor, she must be *sincere*.—Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed."

"Madam, Madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt."

"Ah! Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one) in that breast where the consideration of serving him, according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest."

"Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence: but the impudence of a chit's apostacy I *nauseate*."

"Jenny is a very good creature.—She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieves to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honoured."

"Why then, Madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretends to have loved, admired, and honoured, upon her newfangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man with any degree of the respect she professes, she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primmer."

"Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected his disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the established church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies, as fruitless and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart."

"The homage of a fool's-head, madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench."

‘If thou choosest to suppose her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind, whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?’

“Pho, pho, Madam, who says it will?”

“Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart?—If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, whither human animosity must *not* be carried.”

“Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere: they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell the odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will I suppose make a preacher: but I shall take care she does not preach to *me*.”

“The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies to this calm and able antagonist, frightened us all, except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice. Mr. Boswell whispered me, “I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before.”

Great as Johnson was, in this instance he is completely vanquished, and hides his diminished head in the presence of his female opponent. Feelings of contempt for him must be excited by the irrational and weak bigotry, and the unmeaning abuse, which this dialogue develops.

All who have perused Johnson’s life of Milton, are acquainted with the violence of his prejudices against this eminent writer, but especially with his absurd criticisms on the *Lycidas*, the beauties of which he could not or would not perceive. On the other hand, Miss Seward coincides with us in regarding this monody as supremely beautiful, and first rate of its kind. She, indeed, considered it as a test-poem, by which a person’s taste for poetry might be ascertained; and an anecdote is recorded by her, which shows how completely at variance she and the author of the *Rambler* were on this subject:

“Johnson told me once, “he would hang a dog that read the *Lycidas* twice.” “What then,” replied I, “must become of me, who can say it by heart; and who often repeat it to myself, with a delight “which grows by what it feeds upon?” “Die,” returned the growler, “in a surfeit of bad taste.”

Not to feel the wit of the reply is impossible; but, after the smile which it must occasion has subsided we shall perceive that it is no indication of judgment, and be prepared for Miss Seward’s remark:

“Thus it was, that the wit and lawless impoliteness of the stupendous creature bore down, by storm, every barrier which reason attempted to rear against his injustice. The injury *that* injustice has



done to the claims of genius, and the taste of his effusions, is irreparable."

As the respect of mankind for dogmatism and bigotry diminishes, they will be less disposed to venerate those narrowminded, illiberal, and, in some instances, envious decisions which Johnson has fulminated: but, if the British Muse owes him no obligations for the treatment which she received at his hands, our modern prose has derived unquestionable strength and energy from the latinized style which he introduced; and though Miss S. exposes his deficiency of discernment in the higher walks of poetry, throughout this correspondence, she does him full justice on the score of his having elevated the style of our prose-compositions.

We contrast with this account of Johnson, the writer's enthusiastic admiration of the talents and supereminent learning of Dr. Parr. We find her, in a letter to her *particular* friend Mr. Saville, dated Wellsburn, Dec. 7, 1792, thus expressing herself, after a visit with which she was honoured by this great intellectual luminary:

'When I had the honour of a visit from Dr. Parr, he staid two days and nights at Wellsburn. I was prepared to expect extraordinary colloquial powers, but they exceeded every description I had received of them. He is styled the Johnson of the present day. In strength of thought, in promptness and plenteousness of allusion: in wit and humour, in that high-coloured eloquence which results from poetic imagination—there is a very striking similarity to the departed despot. That, when irritated, he can chastise with the same overwhelming force, I can believe; but unprovoked, Dr. Parr is wholly free from the caustic acrimony of that splenetic being. Benign rays of ingenuous urbanity dart in his smile, and from beneath the sable shade of his large and masking eyebrows, and from the fine orbs they overhang. The characters he draws of distinguished people and of such of his friends, whose talents, though not yet emerged, are considerable, are given with a free, discriminating, and masterly power, and with general independence of party prejudices. If he throws into deepest shade the vices of those, whose hearts he thinks corrupt, his spirit luxuriates in placing the virtues and abilities of those he esteems in the fairest and fullest lights: a gratification which the gloomy Johnson seldom, if ever, knew.

'Dr. Parr is accused of egotism; but if he often talks of himself, all he says on that, as on every other theme, interests the attention, and charms the fancy. It is surely the dull and the envious only who deem his frankness vanity. Great minds must feel, and have a right to avow their sense of the high ground on which they stand. Who, that has a soul, but is gratified by Milton's avowals of this kind, when, in the civil wars, exhorting the soldier to spare his dwelling, the poet

declares his power to requite the clemency ; to spread the name of him who showed it over seas and lands ;

“ In every clime the sun’s bright circle warms.”

‘ Dr. Parr is a warm whig, loves our constitution, and ardently wishes its preservation ; but he says malignant and able spirits are at work to overthrow it, and that with their efforts a fatal train of causes co-operate.

‘ I saw him depart, with much regret, though his morning, noon, and evening pipe involved us in clouds of tobacco while he staid, but they were gilded by perpetual volleys of genius and wit.’

A mere fine lady would not have been so civil to Dr. Parr’s pipe of tobacco : but that Miss S., in spite of these vulgar fumes, could be enraptured with her guest’s wit and genius, enjoying his “ feast of reason and his flow of soul,” must prove her to have been a woman of mind ;—a woman who soared above ordinary *femalities*. As a farther proof how discursive her mind was, and with what freedom she wrote to her correspondents, we transcribe a part of a long letter to Mrs. Knowles, dated Feb. 23, 1790.

‘ Genius and eloquence shed all their lustre over your professions of benevolent faith, concerning the progressive state of virtue and true piety, upon this little speck in the universe — our earth ; — but I, a colder sceptic concerning such progress, am afraid there never was so little of either to be found upon its surface. With the weeds of religion, her persecuting cruelties, the flowers, alas, have been rooted up. Numbers assure me, who have had opportunities of seeing and knowing, that France is almost wholly a nation of Deists ; — that her people at large have been laughed by Voltaire, out of persecution, on one hand, and on the other, out of the fancy, that there was merit in turning the other cheek to the blows of oppression.

‘ Their minds tempered by the leaven of witty ridicule, it remained only to rise and exert themselves. The narrow policy, and short-sighted selfishness of the French court, sent them to pilfer forfeited English gingerbread, to the very school in which the vital principles of freedom are taught, both by precept and example.

‘ From the inspiration of freedom, we may turn our thoughts to the inspirations of the muses, without very violent transition. The herbal intrigues, as you humourously call them, in Darwin’s illustrious poem, however interesting to botanists, from the notes at the bottom, seem, to the poetic eye, the least material part. It will be apt to view them but as vehicles, which introduces those Claude and Salvatorial landscapes ; — those splendid similies ; — those happy allusions to interesting parts of history, and to ingenious fables ; those wonderfully picturesque descriptions of ancient and modern arts, gracefully *impersonised*, and, with all their complicated machinery, distinctly brought to the eye.



‘It is astonishing, that so fine a work could have been produced, that does not interest the human passions, nor contain any precepts of moral rectitude. However, the sins of this beautiful sport of fancy against them, are merely those of omission; surely it has no tendency to inflame the first, or to undermine the second.

‘Is it possible you have not read the Piozzian travels? You, who profess to interest yourself in the female right to literature and science, ought not to turn such a cold incurious eye towards any thing which advances the progress of that claim. With all its unaccountable oddness, and perpetual vulgarism of style, it is highly worth the attention of kindred genius. If you would like to know the soil of the clime, the scenery, the disposition, the manners, the habits of the cities of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Venice, Bologna, &c. just as familiarly as you know all these things at Rugely, Birmingham, and Lichfield, you must shut yourself up for a few days with those volumes. No other travels I ever read possess their discriminating powers.

‘I am charmed with your portraits of our Princess at Brighthelmstone, and their train of supple courtiers. If I had not so often seen ordinary phizes resemble beautiful ones, I should be flattered that you think me so like the buxom widow, who tows our plump heir-apparent about by the heart-strings. Several others have told me of the resemblance between us.

‘My dear father yet exists. During three weeks of this flower-soft winter, he suffered so much from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing, that, if the disorder had continued, I hope I should not have been so selfish as to wish his life prolonged; but, returning to his former quiescent state, my ardent desire to detain yet longer this dim resemblance of a beloved parent repossesses my heart.

‘Last week arrived news that thrilled my heart with tender melancholly; the cutting off, by hereditary consumption, of that fair blossom, the daughter of my lost Honora. I have been assured she possessed her mother’s beauty, and all those native intellectual graces, whose influence shone long upon my happiness, like a vernal morning.—Honora Edgworth was just fifteen. And grievous is the consciousness, that all remains, all traces of my soul’s idol vanish thus from the earth. Her boy, ever feeble and delicate, will, I suppose, follow his lovely sister to an early grave.

‘Lady G. of Lichfield, long invalid, and far advanced in life, sunk from us some few months since. A civil, social being, as you know, “whose care was never to offend;” who had the spirit of a gentleman, in never doing a mean thing; whose mite was never withheld from the poor; and whose inferiority of understanding and knowledge found sanctuary at the card-table, that universal leveller of intellectual distinctions. Her loss will make a considerable chasm in the pleasures of many, who like to be often engaged in card-parties, without the trouble of forming them at home.

‘Soon after followed the very aged Mrs. F., who had lived ninety-two years in the world, without conciliating the esteem of a single being. A creature of selfish avarice, she died unlamented.

‘Seldom have I seen a young man more qualified to pass innocently, laudably, and happily, a life of leisure, than your George. If he likes the sports of the fields, moderately taken, they would *advance* his health; and when there is such a love of books and the pencil, as dwells with him, no danger would surely arise, that he should take field sports immoderately. His dependance upon you, his attachment to your person, your abilities, your virtues, form a bulwark about him against the vices of youth. The fortune which he will inherit from you, as the reward of his good conduct, is more than competent to the elegant comforts of life. Ah! why then endeavour to inspire him with the desire of accumulating so affluent a property? Is there a passion,—nay, is there a vice, which the New Testament declares more fatal to Christian peace, and Christian virtue, than the thirst of riches? Never has experience shown that happiness was the result of wealth, beyond the pale of affluence. Finely does that master of the human heart, that Shakspeare of prose, Richardson, express himself upon this subject: “You are, all of you, too rich to be happy, child; for must not each of you, by the constitutions of your family, be put upon making yourselves still richer; and so every individual of it, except yourself, will go on accumulating; and, wondering that they have not happiness, since they have riches, continue to heap up, till death, as greedy an accumulator as themselves, gathers them into his garner.”

‘It seems strange to me, that any person of an exalted mind, untainted with the vices of profusion, and undazzled by the splendour of ostentation, can wish a beloved child to imbibe the desire of increasing an affluent property; —stranger still, that a pious character should so wish, since the Scriptures declare it easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. The expression, *rich man*, certainly means a miser; and how great a temptation to this exclusive vice, is the habit of living daily in contemplation, and constant attention, to heaps of sordid Mammon!

‘Forgive my ingenuousness; the sincerity of an almost life-long friendship.’

That Miss S. possessed a feeling heart, and sympathised with her friends in their sorrows, these volumes exhibit abundant testimony; and if it were possible for affliction to receive relief from reflections adapted to the house of mourning, her letters must have been prized by her grief-stricken correspondents as a balm to the heart. She never flatters riches: but, conscious of the superiority of intellectual endowments, she despised that money-vanity which is so very characteristic of this Mammon-worshipping age. Our readers shall see how her thoughts flow when she takes a glance at mortality and the world. Writing to Mr. Cotton, she says:

‘Alas! poor Mrs. Style! I hoped to have felt my heart expand again and again in the warm benevolence which shone out in her countenance, and in her manners. I should yet more regret that you have lost her, had you not told me that clouds of causeless dejection were



apt to involve, and, during long intervals, darken its light. The idea of a friend's sufferings, so painful to us while they are endured, becomes lenient and consolatory when it hovers over their sepulchre; yet must you long feel a dreary vacuity in Lady Fane's circle. Local circumstances are great nourishers of regret.

“ When to the old elm's wonted shade return'd,  
Then, then I miss'd my vanish'd friend—and mourn'd.”

It is peculiarly proper that I should condole with you on the loss of your friend this day—for it is the 17th of March; the birth-day of my lovely long-deceased sister, who died in her nineteenth year—“a fair flower soon cut down on our fields. The spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of her's arose:”—yet does not my heart forget this day, which gave to life an amiable creature, who shed the light of joy over many of my youthful years. Many are fled since she vanished from earth. Time balm's sorrow, and there is a joy in grief when the soul is at peace. But I am conscious there are deprivations, the wound of which no time can balm. Then it is that anguish wastes the mournful, and their days are few. Heaven preserve my heart, and the hearts of all I love, from the corrosive impression of such a wo!

‘ Here is nothing to be called news which can interest you. Some of us are grown very fine. The ——'s and ——'s, whom you remember contentedly moving in general equality with their neighbours, have, amidst their, of late years, improving fortunes, taken great state upon themselves; affect to live in what they call style; to associate chiefly with Lords and Esquires of high degree in the environs. They think, no doubt, that thus externally elevating themselves, they shall excite the envy of their neighbours, that darling triumph of contracted minds. They certainly do excite it amongst the many who would act the same part if they had the same golden means. But there are two classes of people who look down upon such low-souled ambition, and all its silly ostentations;—the religious and the literary. Earthly parade can draw no jealous glances from eyes that are often lifted up to Heaven; and the votaries of intellectual and lettered pleasures, look upon their lacquies and lords, their strutting and their style, with as undazzled and untroubled eyes, as eagles can be supposed to cast on glow-worms, when they have been recently gazing on the sun.’

Miss Seward was not rich; having, as she informs us in one of her letters on the death of her father, scarcely 400*l.* a year: but she appears to have been a good economist, and, with a proper spirit of independence, to have discharged the duties of friendship and hospitality, and to have taken those excursions which were necessary for her health. Her mode of life is displayed in these letters; and therefore, for the period which they include, they may be considered as her memoirs. We purpose, in a subsequent number, to display other features of her mind, and to prepare farther entertainment for our readers.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

## EXTRACTS

From the Journal of a gentleman on a visit to Lisbon.

**THE** principal object of our jaunt, was to visit the celebrated convent of Arrabida, on the mountain of that name. We sat out on this expedition at an early hour, *while dewy drops hung trembling on the tree*. We embarked on board a boat in the river, down which we proceeded. About a league below the town we passed *Atun Castle*, which commands the entrance of the *Sado*. Our boatmen rowed through a narrow pass between the shore and two huge insulated rocks, whose overhanging craggy cliffs seemed every instant ready to precipitate themselves upon us. Their summits were covered with shrubs. On one of them was erected a monumental cross, in memory of a man who was dashed to pieces as he was climbing in pursuit of birds. In the other, we saw the mouth of a vast and hideous cavern. We landed not far from this, and began to ascend the mountain. As we drew near the summit, the extraordinary and singular beauties of this romantic spot increased at every step. Nothing could surpass in sublimity and wildness the scenery around. Below was the Atlantic ocean. At the foot of the mountain lay St. Ubes, with its harbour and fertile plain. Before us rose a high, naked and stony ridge of mountains, apparently inaccessible to human footsteps. To the right, the prospect stretched across the black desert waste of Alemtejo, beyond which we distinguished in the distance the spires of Lisbon, and the crowd of shipping at anchor in the Tagus. Close to the sea, in a hollow surrounded by steep and naked rocks, appeared the small town of Cezimbra. About six miles from St. Ubes, the range terminates in the promontory of Espichel. We saw lapwings, storks, and wild ducks in great numbers, and many eagles *planing* over head. Our guides led us down a



flight of steps into an obscure and gloomy cavern consecrated to St. Catharine. It is illuminated only by the light which ascends through an aperture in the rock below, where the sea enters. As we descended, we saw nothing but the sea and rocks, over which the waves broke with tremendous violence. The gloom and solitude of the place, and the unceasing roar of the waters, imposed a sort of feeling not unmixed with awe. I was not surprised to see Balthazar and the boatmen on their knees, before the image of St. Catharine. The ascent to the mountain was very steep, and grew more laborious as we approached the summit. Rude crosses were erected on almost every crag. We were often obliged to stop and rest. As we ascended,

“Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high,  
And from the summit of the craggy mound  
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.”

Several little chapels were built on the top of the mountain. A few pines and cypresses grew at intervals. Among the crevices of the rocks, the laurestinus, gum cystus, and other shrubs flourished luxuriantly. As we climbed up, the air seemed impregnated with the fragrance which they threw around.

“E’en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.”

The convent stands nearly at the summit. It is a singular irregular pile, inhabited by the bearded Franciscans. The walls of the great chapel were covered with votive offerings to our lady of Arrabida, whose miracles are without number. We saw waxen ears, eyes, arms, legs, noses, fingers, toes, and almost every part of the human body suspended in token of the cures which she had wrought; for wherever the disease is situated, a representation of that part is hung up in gratitude by the patient on recovery.

It was late in the afternoon when we got back to St. Ubes. We ordered Balthazar to get his mules ready, and set out immediately. We returned by the way of *Aldea Gallega*. We arrived in the midst of a fete which the negroes have here in this month. It lasts several days. The weather was boisterous, and we were obliged much to our sorrow to delay crossing the river till morning, as no boatmen would venture with us at so late an hour. They spread beds for us on the floor, without sheets or blankets. I laid down in my clothes. A huge lamp hung over the door, and skins of wine were placed against the wall, like those attack-

ed by Don Quixote. Very early in the morning we crossed the river to Lisbon.

October 15.

The most magnificent structure erected since the earthquake, and the most conspicuous in Lisbon, is the *Convento Novo*, or new church of Franciscan nuns. This splendid monument of royal bigotry was built by the present Queen (*she who is mad and gone to Brazil*) and is dedicated to the *corazon de Jesus* (the Heart of Jesus). It stands at *Ajuda*, near Buenos Ayres, on a commanding eminence. From its situation, and the white limestone of which it is built, it has a very airy and noble appearance. It is in the form of a cross, and at first seems to bear considerable resemblance to St. Paul's, its centre being crowned with a most beautiful and magnificent dome. The front is decorated with some good statues, and a noble colonade. Critics censure this last, which they say contains a palpable error in architecture. The massy columns are under a light entablature, and have nothing apparently to support. There is seemingly much justice in the remark. What however chiefly struck me when I first saw the church was a miserable and mean little hovel adjoining the front, and so placed as totally to destroy the symmetry and uniformity of the edifice. I could not for a long while conceive why they should allow the building to be so disgraced, until a Portuguese informed me that St. Antonio was born there. I stood corrected, and my wonder ceased. In a conspicuous part of the church is a most execrable daub by the queen's sister, intended at once as an ornament to the building, and as a monument of her piety and talents in painting. It representeth St. Michael discomfiting the prince of darkness; and in merit both of execution and design, nearly rivals the pictures I have often beheld over ale-houses in Wales, of Owen Glendower *calling spirits from the vasty deep*, or that which still more frequently salutes your eye in England, of

“ St. George that swing'd the Dragon, who e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door.”

The other pictures which adorn the convent were painted by Pompeo Battoni; and perhaps had the painter been allowed to follow the bent of his own genius, the designs would have equalled the execution. But he was not permitted to select his own subjects. The monks, who are usually men of great taste, particularly in the fine arts, sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and gave him for a subject *the Heart of Christ*, to which the convent is dedicated. This they wished the painter to exemplify. Of this edifying subject he was obliged to make what he could, and probably endeavoured to render his work as conformable as possible



to the taste of his employers. The Heart which is seen in the heavens sending forth radiance is surrounded by 'the cardinal virtues, and his holiness the Pope.

In the church at Belem, which was erected on the spot where the king was shot at, and which his majesty built in commemoration of his escape, the altar piece is highly admired by the people here. The work was executed by a native artist, and the subject is taken from the circumstance which gave occasion to the building of the church. His majesty is represented as wounded in his coach, and St. Antonio is laying hold on the reins in the act of turning the horses' heads. This I think is an unfair attempt to defraud *coachey* of the credit which he deserves.

The patriarchal church is situated on another eminence at *Ajuda*, not far from the *Convento Novo*. It is the most ancient in Lisbon. This church once contained immense treasures of gold and silver. Its images and altars were decked with innumerable diamonds and jewels. The celebrated nine candelabri, and the golden cross, twelve feet in height, which was inlaid with a profusion of gems, were here, but have now disappeared, together with every thing of value. Junot has laid his claw upon all. The revenues of this church were a hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum. The dignity of Patriarch is next in rank to the Papal. His dress is similar to that which is worn by the Pope, and like his holiness he rides on a white mule. The patriarchal dignity is now vacant. The last patriarch died shortly previous to the emigration of the court, and the office has not since been filled.

The churches of Lisbon contain few pictures of merit. Most of those which were in them were destroyed by the earthquake, and the few that remained have been seized by the French, who let none escape that were worth taking away. The celebrated Mosaick paintings in the church of *St. Rocco* have been preserved from pillage only by the difficulty of an immediate removal. Otherwise, it is probable, that they would before this have found their way to Paris. They are more excellent than I could have believed. The chapel where they are is very rich in marble, jasper, verd antique, Egyptian granite, lapis lazuli, &c. the pavement being entirely of Mosaic. The pictures were brought from Rome. They are copies from Raphael and Guido Rheni, and are three in number. The altar-piece represents Jesus baptised by John, in which are seven figures as large as life. The subjects of the two others are, the annunciation, and descent from the cross. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the variety and brilliancy of this constellation of gems. One of the pictures is spoiled. The reflection of the sun from its surface dazzled the eyes of the queen's sister, who once honoured

the chapel by her presence, and that her royal sight might never again suffer the like inconvenience, she issued orders to have the polish removed. This barbarous edict was obeyed, and the painting is completely destroyed. The altar of the chapel *was* of silver, with figures in alto relievo. How it has been disposed of I need not mention.

I frequently walk in the cemetery of the English factory in the vicinity of the new church. It is inclosed with high walls. At the entrance is a deposit room for bodies which are placed there previous to sepulture, in order to prevent the horrors of a premature interment, which might be possible from the laws of Lisbon. Bodies for fear of infection are not allowed to remain more than twenty-four hours in the house. The Portuguese are interred in churches and their bodies covered with lime. There is no other open burial place in the city. All the protestants who die in Lisbon are buried here, heretics being excluded from holy ground. The walks of the burying ground are planted with judah trees and cypresses which shade it at all times from the sun, and impose a sombre and melancholy aspect suited to the solemnity of the place. Seats are placed in them, and they are gravelled like the alleys of a garden. In reading the names and dates over the graves, you are struck with the number of early victims. Of those who are sent hither for their health from England, but few ever return. It is not a little mortifying to see here a crowd of splendid monuments with long, pompous, flattering, and no doubt, lying inscriptions, erected to the memory of merchants and obscure individuals, of whom it is only known that they were born and died, while not a stone exists to point out to the traveller the grave of FIELDING. He has however left behind him a name *aere perennius*, and while our language lives his works will be the record of his fame: a record less frail than monumental marble.

The monks are proud of showing the relics which they possess, and in proportion to the number of which their convent can boast, they suppose the sanctity of its inhabitants to be increased. A monk of Lisbon was once displaying to a number of visitors a great collection of them. That which he called the most curious, and which had performed by its sacred qualities the most extraordinary miracles, was a hair of the blessed virgin. This invaluable treasure the holy father seemed to present to his attentive and believing auditors, drawing it apparently between his fingers and thumb. Among the rest was a peasant, whose eyes almost started from his head in his eager endeavours to catch a glimpse of the sacred deposit. After straining vainly for some time, "reverend father," he exclaimed, "I can see nothing." "Verily my son," said the monk, "I do believe thee. These five and twenty



years have I shown it, and yet I have not seen it myself." I have been more fortunate than this countryman, for in a Carmelite convent I have actually seen with my own eyes a veritable and *bona fide* hair of the virgin, so that I am inclined to suspect this other pretended hair was a gross imposition.

In passing through this last mentioned convent, which I very often do in order to walk on the roof, where there is a very extensive terrace commanding a most delightful view, I have frequently seen letters hanging by strings to the walls directed to the most glorious *St. Francis*. Some of them on inspection (for I have been guilty of a breach of good breeding in looking over the epistles from several of his saintship's numerous correspondents) have proved to be letters of thanks for kindness received, many merely cards of compliment, but the majority, solicitations for farther favours. *St. Antonio's* interest is also supposed to be very strong at court. I am unable always to preserve my gravity at sight of the virgin, *Maria purissima*. I met her this morning decorated with a stomacher, red shoes with gold buckles, and a hoop-petticoat, like the old pictures of Queen Elizabeth. In my visit a short time since to a convent, the monks, who had displayed all their curiosities, took out from a cabinet a waxen image designed for the Saviour of the world, which they exhibited to me with the greatest marks of delight and complacency. A Portuguese who was with me, crossed himself at seeing it. The figure was thus accoutred. It was seated in an arm chair. In an upright position it would have been about two feet high. It had on a sky blue velvet coat, cut in the fashion of Charles II., with buckram skirts and edges of gold lace. Its waistcoat was embroidered, of yellow silk with flaps to the pockets. The breeches were black satin, and the stockings of blue French silk gartered on the outside. The shoes were adorned with little round buckles, about the size of a half-dollar. *On the top of his head was a wig*, that flowed in three tails like the periwig which erst covered the skull of Prince Eugene, and on the top of this was a cocked hat. This is an exact description of his apparel, except that there were ruffles to the shirt sleeves, and paste kneebuckles to the breeches. As to the face, it had not much more expression than one which I have seen school-boys cut upon a turnip. From the admiration with which the holy fathers beheld this exquisite piece of art, the care with which they preserved it, and the exultation so manifest in their looks on showing it, I have no doubt that they considered it as a *chief d'oeuvre*. Before they recommitting it to the cabinet, they all knelt and crossed themselves before it.

When the Virgin Mary passes, many of the pious often imagine that they catch her eyes, and shout out in rapture—"Oh,

she looked at me. She looked at me, The holy virgin looked at me!" In any other part of the world such numerous processions, through streets like those of Lisbon would be exceedingly beneficial to the dealers in soap and water; for whenever they pass, the conscience of a Portuguese will not allow him to stand on his legs, or even to select a clean place in which to kneel. He drops down immediately on his marrow bones, without looking to see what kind of a cushion there is to receive him, though he usually finds it a soft one. But, alas, in this city the profession of a washerwoman is a most unprofitable one: were it not for the English residents, I am apprehensive that the few of the sisterhood, that there are, would be in great danger of starving. The trade of a hatter must certainly I think be a good one here. The people, from their extreme civility to each other, and from their piety, pull off their hats so many times a day, in all weathers, that they soon get the worse for wear. You cannot go fifty yards in any part of the town without seeing the image of some saint stuck up against the wall in a glass box. If a stranger in passing by one of these scarecrows neglects to uncover his head, he is thought to be on the high road to Pandemonium. For my own part I make it a rule never to pass the most ridiculous without making a profound salutation. A sculptor in Lisbon who had born the character of a freethinker, was dying. A monk came to confess him, and exclaimed, as he held a crucifix before his eyes, "*See here is God whom you have so often offended! Do you know him?*" "*Oh yes,*" replied the unfortunate sculptor, "*for I made him myself.*" I do not however think that the Portuguese are in any danger of sinning against the command, "*thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image;*" for those which they worship bear but a very faint resemblance to "*any thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath.*" Before most of these personages a dim taper glimmers at night, which is the only illumination afforded to the streets, and the only beacon which there is to guide the steps of the unwary wanderer amid the perils which abound. Mr. P., an English merchant here a few years since, put up a lamp at his gate, which was broken on the first night it was lighted. He no sooner had it mended than it was again broken. This was several times repeated with the same success. The gentleman was about to abandon his attempt in despair, when at last he determined to try the experiment of putting up a saint behind it. He accordingly had St. Antonio mounted at his door, under whose protection his lanthorn has since remained unmolested and whole.

The obscure entrances to the houses afford a great facility to the perpetration of murder. Many families often reside in one house with a public staircase, which not being lighted, gives op-



portunity to the assassin to post himself undiscovered behind the door, and to aim his weapon with certainty. Murder is always perpetrated with knives, which notwithstanding there is a law against the use of them, are worn universally by the common people, who draw them on the slightest provocation. The temper of the knives which they wear is so excellent, that I have seen many that would strike through a dollar.

Close to the north side of the town over the deep valley of Alcantara, is situated the famous aqueduct of Lisbon. Much as I had heard of this grand and magnificent work, when I saw it I was struck with astonishment at its stupendous height. It is indeed a monument of which a nation may be justly proud. In magnitude and grandeur it is unequalled by any work of modern times, and excelled by none which antiquity has left. That part which crosses the valley is called by the Portuguese *os Arcos*. It rests on thirty-five arches, and extends from mountain to mountain two thousand four hundred feet. In the middle there is a covered arch-way of seven or eight feet, where the water flows on each side through a tunnel of stone. Without there is on each side a gallery or path defended by a stone parapet, over which you may look down to the bottom of the valley. The centre arch is three hundred and thirty-two feet high, being nearly as lofty as the cross of St. Paul's. Its breadth is of a capacity sufficiently ample to admit the passage of a first rate man of war *under spread ensigns*.

When the spectator is placed beneath, its pointed arches seem changed into a majestic vault that re-echoes every sound. In looking down from the parapet above, your head grows giddy; *fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low*. The men beneath seem diminished to pigmies. The echo here is most extraordinary and distinct. I was lately present at a review of dragoons in the valley. Three regiments charged down the hills at once, and not a horse stumbled. The effect, as I beheld the spectacle from the parapet above, which was produced from the sound of arms reverberated, was inconceivably grand. *All the while sonorous metal blowing martial sounds*. The aqueduct is built of white marble. Such is the goodness of the architecture and the stability of the fabric, that it received not the slightest injury from the great earthquake. John V. has the honour of being the founder of this noble structure. It was begun in 1713, and the whole pile was completed in 1738. On an arch in town which was erected by the inhabitants to the memory of the founder, is the following inscription:

Joannes . V.

Lusitanorum . Rex.

Justus . pius . Aug . felix . P . P.

Lusitania . In . pace . stabilita.

Viribus . gloria . opibus . firmata.

Profligatis . Difficultatibus.

Imo . prope . victa . natura

Perennes . aquas . in . urbem invexit.

et

Brevi . undivigenti . annorum . spatio.

Minimo . publico.

Immensum . opus . confecit.

Gratitudinis . ergo.

Optimo . principi.

et

Publicae . utilitatis . auctori.

Hoc monumentum . Pos. S . P . Q . O.

Anno . DMDCCXXXVIII.

The water is brought from several springs situated near the village of Bellas, at a distance of three leagues. Near the town there are ten smaller arches, and many still smaller in the neighbourhood of its source. In some parts it is conducted underground. The water enters Lisbon at a place called *da Amoreira*, where it branches into several other aqueducts, supplies the *chafarizes*, or fountains, and is emptied into a great reservoir at the opposite extremity of the town. These fountains are very numerous, and might easily be rendered ornamental. In stead of which they are all in a bad taste, and many rather objects of deformity. Some are decorated with a villanous figure of Neptune, in others you see the water running out of a lion's mouth. The greater part are beautified with some squab-faced saint or pudding-cheeked cherubim. Here the water-carriers draw water in small wooden barrels, and carry it to the various families in the city, or cry it about the streets. There is a good regulation by which each of these men is compelled, under heavy penalties, to carry home with him at night a barrel of water, and to hasten with it in case of an alarm of fire. These carriers are all *Gallegos*. In the public squares and promenades, water is sold by the glass, and they have an excellent method to keep it cool in the heat of summer. They put it in earthen vessels called *bucarros*, or *alcarrazas* of clay, which being without glazing, and but little baked, a moisture pervades them like a fine dew, which



continually evaporates and produces a most refreshing coldness. At first they give the water an earthy taste, but this it soon loses by use.

There is but one public walk in Lisbon, and this, by the Portuguese ladies is but little frequented. It is quite paltry. In shape it is an oblong square planted with shrubs and trees, and divided into straight and serpentine alleys. In order to get to it, you are obliged to pass through a sort of market place where there is weekly a horse-fair. This space is unpaved, and of course very dusty and dirty. The stalls of the venders of old clothes are stationed here, so that it is a kind of medium between Monmouth-street and rag-fair. When walking here I have seldom had my solitude disturbed except by two or three monks, whom I have seen extended asleep on the benches. The walk is inclosed by a low wall, on each side of which is a dirty street. A person, while in it, need never be at a loss for an agreeable object of contemplation, particularly if he is out of spirits, or in any degree afflicted with the disorder usually ycleped the blue devils: for at one extremity is a prospect of the Inquisition, and at the other a perspective of the gallows.

The markets in Lisbon are well supplied, except in boisterous weather, when the passage of boats from the opposite side of the river is obstructed. The fruits are most delicious, and they have the greatest profusion of every kind. Beef here is very good, if they knew how to dress it. "God sends victuals, but the devil sends cooks." Veal is rarely to be seen. Calves are not permitted to be killed on account of preserving the breed of cattle. They kill cattle here by piercing the spinal marrow. This mode is much less cruel than ours. There is no fresh butter made in the kingdom, though there is usually an abundant supply of this article from England and Ireland. Corn is brought from the coast of Barbary, and at so low a rate that farmers do not raise more than is requisite for themselves, as it is not an object to bring it to market. In the corn market the price of all sorts of grain is regulated to prevent imposition, and fixed up at each stand. Pork is very good, and the Portuguese hams are in much estimation. The most inferior kind of meat is mutton. Fish constitutes the principal nourishment of the common people. Of salt fish or *bacalhao* the consumption is immense. On fast days all classes eat it: but what forms the chief food and comfort of the poor is the *Sardinha*, a small kind of herring or sprat which comes annually to the coast of Portugal. They are taken frequently in such vast quantities, that they are given as food to swine, or thrown about the streets to rot. At other times they often do not approach the coast. When there is a want of them, the misery of the poor classes is very great. Bread, wine,

and *sardinhas* constitute the subsistence of labourers and all the lower orders. Beggars will rub a *sardinha* on their children's bread to give it a taste. All the corners of the streets, and in all parts of the town, are stalls where women called *Frigideiras* are continually engaged in frying these fish.

" Every twentieth pace  
Salutes th' ungarded nose with such a whiff "

of stinking oil *as makes temperance reel*. The smell can be only equalled by the agreeable perfumes exhaled by these ladies themselves.

October 20.

While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, my landlady came into the room, and asked if either of us were desirous of having a tooth extracted, or any *dentistical* operation performed, as an acquaintance of hers was in the house who would be exceedingly happy to serve us. My two friends who were at table, said it was a God-send to me, for ever since I left London I had been annoyed by the remnant of a tooth which Ruspini undertook to extract, and which he told me was entirely out. I have been afraid to trust my jaws to the mercy of one of these Portuguese operators, for the signs over their door are almost enough to create a tooth-ach, independent of the formidable appearance of the professors themselves. Their shops are designated by the figure of a bloody tooth of gigantic dimensions, and the professional dress of the fraternity consists of a chain of brass across the shoulders, ornamented at equal distances with rotten teeth. Such *pomp and circumstance* made so strong an impression that I have not felt at all inclined to let them try experiments on me. I accordingly, by the persuasion of my companions, desired our good hostess to introduce her acquaintance, though I was very far from entertaining an extraordinary degree of confidence in such an applicant, or meaning to make trial of the operator's skill. If such were my sentiments before I beheld her (for we were told the dentist was a lady) they were by no means rendered more favourable when my landlady returned, and ushered in an old German woman on the verge of seventy. I have hitherto thought that the climax of ugliness was attained by the old women of Lisbon; but whatever may be the cause, they certainly have a rival in this female professor. Never did I see a more horrible aspect. Her complexion from a long residence here had acquired a mahogany cast. Her skin was puckered into a thousand wrinkles, like a piece of shrivelled parchment, and every feature settled into a symmetry of ugliness. Her eyes were like two red peppers, or rather live coals. In her hand she held a huge parchment scroll, so that altogether



she looked like an ambassadress from the infernal regions. This contained the signatures of a great number of persons, giving assurance of her skill, and testifying that she practised with reputation in divers places. The scroll was sealed, as she informed us, with the arms of the Lord Mayor of London; for this, however, we were under the necessity of taking her word. It might for aught I know, have been the state seal of Kien-long, for not any part of the impression could be traced on the wax. In despite of the unpromising appearance of this extraordinary practitioner I allowed the old lady, after a good deal of solicitation on her part, to look into my mouth. Having inspected the premises, by means of her spectacles, she persuaded me much against my inclination, and not well knowing else how to rid myself of her importunity, to suffer her to give me a proof of her dexterity, on which she passed not a few encomiums. She produced her apparatus, which seemed to me instruments of torture, and I put myself in an arm-chair, fully prepared to undergo torments, at least equal to any ever invented by the most ingenious inquisitor in Portugal. I had made it one of the conditions on which she was to commence her proceedings, that all spectators were to withdraw. This treaty, notwithstanding, was not observed with fidelity; for in the midst of the operation I discovered two faces peeping through the door, almost convulsed with laughter at the scene. My merriment was by no means so excessive, for however ludicrous might have been the exhibition to one less interested in the catastrophe than myself, my feelings were very tragic on the occasion. She did finally accomplish her object, not indeed without much violent tugging, on which occasion she thus triumphantly and expressively apostrophized the tooth, "Here I hab him de dam rascal." The extraction of the root of my tooth was effected with but little less difficulty than I have found in the days of yore in performing the operation of extracting a certain root yclep'd the cube. This latter was usually accompanied by convulsive shakings and cold sweats.

Lisbon is now completely evacuated by the French. In celebration of this event there is every night a grand illumination of the city, which is to continue a fortnight. The effect of this, from the unequal ground on which the city stands, and the height of the houses, is extremely splendid. From our windows, which command nearly the whole extent of Lisbon, the streets seem in a blaze. Rockets and fireworks are displayed on the most elevated points. The theatres and public buildings also exhibit transparencies emblematical of the passing events. The embarkation of the French army took up more time than was at first supposed. The greater part of the British army are encamped on the hills between *Quehus* and Lisbon, from whence a number,

sufficient to garrison the city had gradually been removed into quarters here as the French have embarked. The rest will speedily march, under the command of Sir John Moore, into Spain, which they are to enter by three different routes. It was at first intended that the Portuguese troops should occupy Lisbon. Had it been so, the streets would have been deluged with blood. The scenes of horror which have attended the last days of the embarkation, notwithstanding the utmost exertions used by the English to preserve tranquillity and prevent bloodshed, were such as make me shudder at the recollection. The cruelties committed by these barbarians on the defenceless soldiers who have been walking singly and unarmed, and which I have often reluctantly been compelled to witness, make me blush to think that I belong to the same species. As soon as the inhabitants were assured that the French had so far evacuated the town as to leave them nothing farther to apprehend from their presence, their demeanour became as bold and insolent as it had previously been pusillanimous. The moment that they became convinced of their own security, the fury of the rabble broke out in acts of the most dastardly revenge. Wherever a French soldier appeared, he was hunted by these blood hounds through the streets, and torn to pieces. If he sought refuge by flying to a house, the door was shut against him, and he was again driven back among his merciless assailants. Such is the gallantry of this noble race. A hundred knives now pursued a defenceless straggler, whose very aspect but a few days before would have inspired the multitude with dismay and terror: whose frown alone would have put a regiment to flight. The conduct of these noble-minded patriots on this occasion is worthy of their behaviour in the field. At the sight of their enemy they threw away their arms and ran in every direction. When the battle was decided, they bravely cut to pieces and mangled the wounded and the dying! How deserving are these gallant Portuguese of assistance! In the midst of this scene of blood and horror, the conduct of the English has afforded a noble spectacle. Both officers and soldiers have ever eagerly come forward, and most nobly defended the unfortunate Frenchmen against the assaults of their base pursuers. Though overwhelmed by numbers, was an Englishman by, the poor wretch felt assured of protection. To Englishmen you would see them every where running and clinging for safety. The lives of many, very many, were preserved by the exertions of their generous foe, and numbers of the cowardly assailants fell sacrifices to their temerity. It was an interesting and singular sight to behold British soldiers fighting with those whom they came to protect, and protecting those with whom they came to fight. Some of the transports with French



troops on board soon after sailing were obliged by stress of weather to put back into the Tagus. Kellerman was in one of them, and had the imprudence to venture on shore, where he remained and dined with one of the English generals. At his return to re-embark in the evening, the moon shining bright, his person, although disguised in plain clothes, was recognized by the rabble; and but for the spirited exertions of some English officers on the quay, his life would have been inevitably sacrificed to the rage of the populace. After he had got into the boat, the rascally centinel *on duty* levelled his piece at him: however, being a Portuguese gun, it missed fire.

How shall I describe the Portuguese troops that have now come into Lisbon! These conquerors of the French! Falstaff was ashamed of his soldiers. He certainly never was in Portugal. Had he beheld these, his own would have been exalted into heroes. *No eye hath seen such scare-crows.* They indeed look like *the cankers of a calm world and long peace*, and verily resemble *tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks.* *I did never see such pitiful rascals.* They may be *good enough to toss*, and answer as *food for powder*, but I am sure they are good for nothing else. They are paired like the trained bands in Hogarth's picture of my lord mayor's day.

St. Antonio was formerly generalissimo of the Portuguese forces. His present successor is Don Bernardin Friere de Conrada, the gentleman who behaved so discreetly at Vimeira—A general well worthy to command such an army. The good breeding of this warrior is equal to his bravery, and of this I was fortunate the other evening at the theatre to see a specimen. The boxes here are private, that is, they are hired by the season; but the proprietors have recently relinquished their claims to such a monopoly, and very properly thrown them open for the accommodation of British officers, who would otherwise for want of seats be unable to participate in the public amusements. I went on this occasion in company with some officers of the staff, among whom was Col. D. and by chance we seated ourselves in the box of this Portuguese general, supposing it public like the rest. When the play was about half over, the said gentleman arrived, and finding the box already occupied, began to dispute our right to its possession. He observed, that the box belonged to him, and very rudely insisted that we should immediately go out of it. A nobleman in a neighbouring seat, who heard the demand, interfered, and expressed his astonishment at such extraordinary conduct. Col. D. was at last so irritated at his brutal behaviour, that he approached this vociferous claimant for the purpose of wringing his nose, of which design he no

sooner got intimation, than the gallant commander prudently desisted, and slunk out of the box amid the hisses of his countrymen.\*

The Portuguese rarely go out of their own country, and their ideas are exceedingly narrow and contracted. It is not among the lower class alone that education is neglected. The nobility and clergy are universally on all subjects most grossly ignorant. The minds of women, even of the highest rank are, if possible, still more uncultivated. This cannot be wondered at, from the secluded state in which they are kept, as well as from the neglect and inattention with which they are treated by the men on all occasions. In company the sexes always set apart, and rarely converse together. For this reason the women are much more partial to the company of strangers than that of their own countrymen. But so uninstructed are their minds, that no man of enlightened understanding can receive either pleasure or amusement from their society. This defect is, however, felt only by strangers, as the men here are fortunately so ignorant themselves, that they are unable to discover in the other sex any want of intellect or education. When walking together through the streets, the two sexes never go arm in arm, nor even walk side by side. If a whole family happen to be together, they all follow each other in a sort of *Indian file*. The ladies ride on jack-asses, which is a very fashionable animal here. They sit in a pack saddle, with their left side towards the ass's head. A footman attends them, armed with a sharp stick, with which he goads the animal as often as it is necessary to quicken his pace. If the beast happens to go a little too fast, he stops him by pulling his tail. The equipages in use here are unique in their kind. The few coaches in the city are made in the ugly Spanish model, and drawn by mules, not seldom harnessed with ropes. Calesas, with two mules, are the most common vehicles. The postillion rides on the left mule. He is usually equipped with a pair of jack-boots, like fire-buckets, huge mustachios, a cocked hat, and a queue. Perched up behind, you see two footmen rigged out in a similar costume. I saw a couple this morning behind a calesa in green liveries. One was about four feet high, and the other six feet by two. They put me in mind of the alehouse, sign of Robin Hood and Little John. No people in the world effect such dignity as the Portuguese gentry, and never before was dignity so caricatured. When they ride it is the custom to sit uncovered. But a servant returning in his master's coach or calesa, is obliged to keep his hat on his head, so that gentlefolks in other carriages may not accidentally be betrayed into any improper salutation,

\* He has since been cut to pieces for treachery, by his own soldiers.



which would be a most shocking occurrence. The nobility vie with each other in the number of their servants. They are luxurious in nothing else. The servants are poorly clad and worse fed, seldom getting any thing else than rice and sadinhas.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly than the immense number of people that he meets in the streets decorated with stars and insignia of knighthood. Persons in the lowest occupations are often seen with these ensigns. There are three orders in the kingdom, of which the chief is that of Christ. The emblems of this order are a star at the left breast, and a small enamelled red cross, suspended by a riband from the button-hole. I have seen a coffee-house keeper, a fiddler, a billiard marker, and a dancing master, with the insignia of the order. I have heard that it has been given to valets. A doorkeeper and several of the tide-waiters at the custom-house are knights of Christ. The "insolence of office" was never better personified than by these last mentioned gentlemen. The lowest and most menial understrappers of the revenues not only wear the emblems of knighthood, but appear on all occasions in a full dress suit of black, with a chapeau-bras, sword and bag-wig. The *administrador*, alias collector of the customs, wears a robe like that of my Lord Chief Justice, and a periwig with three tails.

(To be continued.)

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## SINGULAR CASE OF ANN MOORE.

*To the Editor.\*—Sir,*

AS many erroneous reports are in circulation respecting the celebrated Ann Moore, of Titbury, Staffordshire; if you think it may not prove unexceptable to your readers to admit the following account of a visit to her, on the 15th instant, into your excellent publication, you will oblige me, as it will satisfy the public, that she, not only still lives, but differs little in appearance from the

\* *Birmingham, August 20, 1811.*

Sir,

It gives me pleasure to meet the wishes of a respectable friend, to transmit the enclosed narrative for a place in your Magazine; as the singularity of the case must give your numerous readers a peculiar interest in it, and on the exactness and veracity of the narrator they may rely with the fullest confidence. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

*To Sir Richard Phillips.*

state I saw her in, nearly eleven months since. As my object is to represent truth, I shall endeavour to lay before you the circumstances in the most simple form, exactly as they took place. But, before I relate the conversation I had with Ann Moore, and the remarks made, it may not be amiss first to inform you of my motives and proceedings, immediately before I went to see this extraordinary woman. Soon after I reached Titbury, I inquired for Mr. Jackson, at whose house I understood Ann Moore had been confined sixteen days and sixteen nights, without ever taking the least solid food. Mr. J. assured me, the motive which induced him to receive Ann Moore into his house, was an expectation in his own mind, that the experiment would soon detect the imposition practised by the woman; for he did not then believe her to be otherwise than a bad character; he had known her for many years, and never thought well of her. At my request Mr. Jackson led me into the parlour, where she had been kept, and, owing to some one of his family being unwell at the time I was there, the small bed on which A. Moore had lain, was in the room; there was two doors in the parlour, one leading into another apartment of his house, and the other opening directly into the street. In order to prevent any communication with his servants during the time of watching, Mr. Jackson had seals placed on the inner door, so that no individual should pass or repass through it into the room where the woman was confined, and that all admittances should be through the street door only. Mr. Jackson said, with great difficulty he procured suitable persons to attend as a watch, for he was not willing to admit such as were any way related or connected with her, or such as believed the report. Mr. Jackson produced me the original book which contained the names of the different persons who composed the watch. A male and female generally sat up together, and were every four hours relieved by two more persons taking their place, until the sixteen days and nights were elapsed, during which time no food was given to her.

Thus convinced of the sincerity of A. Moore's profession, Mr. Jackson had her safely conveyed back to her own habitation.— Without entering into further particulars respecting the conversation I had with this gentleman, I will only observe, that his situation in life appears very respectable, and his understanding equally so. I requested a son of Mr. Jackson (a young man about twenty years) to accompany me to Ann Moore's, which request he cheerfully complied with. On entering the room where Ann Moore was, I walked directly up to her, took her by the hand, and, while feeling her pulse, which beat very regular, I asked her, if she ever remembered to have seen me? upon



which she looked stedfastly upon me, and replied, "Yes, two gentlemen were with you, one was a quaker." \*

After I had been in the room some time, I requested permission to ask her questions I had previously penned down in the morning, and to enter her replies in the same manner, to which solicitations she readily consented. I questioned her as follows :

*Question.* How long have you, Ann Moore, lived without eating *solid* food ?

*Answer.* It was four years the 17th of March last. †

Q. When did you discontinue the use of liquids ?

A. About the 16th of September following.

Q. Have you at any time since then felt the sense of hunger, or the disposition to hunger, or is food desirable ?

A. I feel no hunger or disposition for food, neither did I for many years before I declined eating.

Q. When was it that sleep became no longer practicable ?

A. Three years next October.

Q. Did you lose the power of sleep gradually, or was it taken from you suddenly ?

A. Before I went to Mr. Jackson's, and while I was at his house, (when I was kept sixteen days and nights with a watch continually attending me) I slept pretty well three or four hours together ; but soon after my removal to my own house I lost the power of sleep, and since then I have not known what it is to enjoy sound sleep. I caught a cold I believe in my removal, which prevented my sleeping.

Q. Do you at any time feel an inclination to sleep ?

A. No—though I sometimes doze, yet never so as to forget myself. I never doze in the day time.

Q. Do you ever feel weary or fatigued ?

A. I constantly have a pain on the left side of my body, and round the back and top of my head, but never feel sleepy.

Q. Does your body undergo any alteration of heat and cold ?

A. According as I am in pain, when the pain is violent I feel feverish and hot.

Q. Do you ever perspire ?

A. No—except since my left hand has been closed, which sometimes has a little dew or moisture in it, as at present. (I pressed my finger into the hand and found a gentle perspiration.—She continued to say, my body never perspires.)

Q. Do you feel in this respect no difference between the summer's heat and winter's cold ?

\* This circumstance convinced me of the powers of her memory, for, on the 25th of September, 1810, I visited Ann Moore, in company with a brother and one of the Society of Friends.

† On the 17th of July, 1807, she took I believe a few black currants.

A. I feel the same in summer as in winter, and need no more clothing than what I now have.

Q. When were your last evacuations?

A. It is four years the 3rd of this month since I had the last stool, and two years and about five or six months since I made urine.

Q. Have you any sensibility in your legs or feet?

A. No.—(She requested me to feel her feet, which I did, and observed to her they appeared much the same as when I before saw them, near eleven months since. I pressed them hard, she said it produced no sensation to her mind; they were cold and apparently lifeless. She sits with her legs under her, and her feet are brought to the left side of the body).

Q. Do you ever lie down in bed?

A. It is two years since I laid down in bed last February.

Q. Do you constantly sit up in the position you now do?

A. Sometimes I rest my head on the pillows you here see; but never lie down,—I cannot.

Q. How long have you had fits, and what kind are they?

A. Eighteen weeks the day after to-morrow; the fits are hysterical, some days I have had five or six, I have had three fits to-day. The closing of the hand was produced by these fits.

Q. Is your mind generally calm and happy?

A. For the most part it is so, except when my pains are violent.

Q. I perceive you have the Bible by you, don't the reading of it afford you consolation?

A. Yes,—it is the best companion I find in this world.

Q. What views have you of God, religion, and a future world?

A. My views are fixed on Christ, and him alone: when I leave this world I hope, (*mind you, I say, I hope,*) to go to his glory.

Q. Have you any idea or apprehension in your own mind, how long you may live?

A. No—no more than you have.

Q. Do you feel yourself weaker now than when I before visited you?

A. Yes. Conversation exhausts me much more than formerly, or when you was before with me.

Q. Many reports have been and still are in circulation, stating your having prophesied that an earthquake would take place, and you yourself would die at a certain time. Is it true you ever made such a declaration?

A. I have read myself in the public papers many such things as you mention, but every word is false. I never prophesied, neither have I seen visions as some say I have, nor do I believe



in them. If a person was to tell me of such things for ten years, I should not believe them.

Q. What quantity of snuff do you take in the course of a week?

A. It is impossible for me to say, for I give a great deal away, I perhaps may take a quarter of an ounce in a week.

Q. What think you occasioned the loss of appetite, was it not by frequently sitting up with one Samuel Orange, who was diseased with scrophulous ulcers.

A. I sat up one night only with Samuel Orange. It was the washing of his linen and the dressing of his wounds I believe which affected my appetite, for all I eat and drank afterward presented to my imagination the like disagreeable taste and smell, although my digestion was bad for several years before, so that for five years or more before my illness I always felt pain after eating.

Thus I have stated the principal points of conversation I had with Ann Moore, and placed the questions and answers nearly in the same order in which they were proposed.

Her person is rather above the common size ; and the just proportions of her features evidently show the remains of a fine face. She seems naturally to possess a lively disposition, her understanding exceeds much the attainments usually made by women in her sphere of life. She is ready in conversation, of a religious turn of mind, occasioned by her present sickness ; her appearance does not greatly differ from what it was on my last visit ; her voice is at times amazingly strong, but greatly weakened by the paroxysms of pain. In her person she is clean, and there is no offensive smell in her room.

On my returning home I compared my memoranda I made on my former visit, and found them greatly to correspond with the above.

However the extraordinary and singular case of Ann Moore differs from ordinary life, the evidences of it are so clear and strong, as to preclude all suspicion of art and fraud, though the principle by which her life is maintained is to me unaccountable.

EDWARD CORN.

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

## LIFE OF JOSEPH HAYDN.

JOSEPH HAYDN was the son of a poor wheelwright, at Zohran, a village of Austria, near the borders of Hungary. His father had learned to play a little on the harp, while serving as a journeyman at Frankfort on the Mayne ; and on Sundays

amused himself with songs and ballad-airs, his wife accompanying him with her voice. Even so late as 1805, Haydn knew all these songs by heart. At the age of six years, little Joseph used to seat himself at the side of his parents, and, with a piece of stick, scraped upon his left arm, in imitation of a person playing the violin. A schoolmaster of Haimburg, a neighbouring town, a distant relation of Haydn, happening to be at one of these concerts, observed that Joseph kept time with great exactness; considering this to be a favourable indication of a disposition for music, he advised the father to cultivate the talent of the child. The father, full of veneration for the sacerdotal office, wished for nothing more ardently than to devote his son to the church: a knowledge of music might lead to that desirable object, but his poverty prevented him from incurring any extraordinary expense for the education of his children. How great then was his pleasure, when his cousin from Haimburgh offered to take little Joseph home with him, for the purpose of instructing him in his school. It was here that Haydn learned to read and write; here likewise he was taught the choral chant, and to play upon the violin, cymbal, and other musical instruments; and he ever after expressed his obligation to his first master for having made him undertake so many tasks, although, he said, he had been much more liberally flogged than fed by him. Haydn had been about two years under the tuition of the schoolmaster, when M. Reiter, master of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna, and who at the same time superintended the music in the cathedral of St. Stephen, came to pay a visit to the dean of Haimburg. Reiter having told him, that the elder singing boys belonging to his choir began to lose their voices, and that he wished to find others to supply their places; the dean proposed Haydn, who was immediately summoned to attend, with his cousin the schoolmaster. According to the fashion of those days, the little boy already wore, as an indispensable article of decent dress, a short wig, "I looked like a little hedge-hog," said Haydn; a modern beau would have thought that his head was dressed *à-la-Titus*. His apparel was in other respects as mean as possible. On the dean's table stood a plate of cherries, on which little Joseph, who had not been accustomed to the best of food, at the school-house, kept his eye fixed. Reiter, who observed his wishful looks, put a few handfuls into his hat, and made him sing some Italian and Latin couplets, of which the boy did not understand a single word. Canst thou execute a quaver? asked Reiter. "No," replied Haydn, "neither can my cousin." The schoolmaster was covered with confusion, and Reiter burst into a fit of laughter. Reiter then showed him the proper appulse of the tongue against the teeth, and made him acquainted with other facilities. Haydn



imitated him, and the third trial succeeded. "Thou shalt remain with me," said Reiter: and during the succeeding eight years he was engaged as a choirister in the church of St. Stephen, at Vienna, where he was instructed by able masters in singing, and in the uses of several instruments, and in the theory of music in general.

At the same time he heard works of merit performed; and his own imagination was already so awakened and active, that he attempted compositions of six and eight parts: "I fancied then," said Haydn, when speaking of these essays; "that all was well, provided the paper was quite full." Reiter several times took me to task respecting these my crude productions, reprimanding me for endeavouring to make six parts, when I had not learned the art of composing even for two voices. At the age of puberty, when his voice began to change, Haydn was dismissed from the choir; after which, during a long course of years, he endured all the rigour of adverse fortune, finding it very difficult to earn even a bare subsistence at Vienna. He lodged in the sixth story, his garret had neither door nor casement; his breath congealed on his bed-clothes; and the water which he fetched from the fountain, for his toilette in the morning, was frequently changed into ice before he could re-ascend to the exalted regions of his abode. Haydn gave lessons, and performed at orchestras and musical parties, where something might be gained; but his indigence kept him secluded from society; an old worm-eaten harpsichord was his sole source of happiness. Consoling himself with this companion of his misfortunes, he courageously continued to compose, and his ardent genius prevented him from sinking into a state of torpid despair. At last he had the good fortune to have as his pupil, a Miss Mortini, a relation of Metastasio; and at her house he obtained his board *gratis*, during three years. Afterwards he removed to one of the suburbs.

About that time he engaged himself as director of the choir of the Charitable Brothers, in the Leopoldstadt, at a salary of sixty florins per annum. He was obliged on Sundays and holidays to be at their church by eight o'clock in the morning: at ten he played the organ in the chapel of Count Haugwitz, and at eleven he sung in the choir of the cathedral of St. Stephen. Thousands would have sunk under such hardships.

Haydn never was in Italy. If he had enjoyed that advantage, there can be no doubt, that, with his excellent ideas of singing and harmony, he would have acquired great reputation as a composer of operas. He, however, spoke Italian with considerable facility; and acknowledged, that he owed much to an Italian musician of the name of Porpora, with whom he became acquainted at the house of a lady in Meinersdorf. Haydn served

him about three months nearly in the capacity of a valet, solely for the purpose of improving himself by his instructions. Porpora was teaching the lady to sing, and Haydn accompanied her on the harpsichord : and, during the intervals between the lessons, submitted his compositions to the correction of his master.

Thus was formed the composer, whose sublime notes resound in all the orchestras of Europe ; and who continued his labours with increasing applause and glory during half a century, to the time of his death in 1809.

The following extracts of letters were written from Vienna in 1805, when the French were in possession of that city, gives an interesting account of a visit to the venerable composer, at the age of 74.

“ We went several times to Joseph Haydn’s : as he is now bowed down with age and infirmities, it is difficult for strangers to obtain access to him.

“ When we first paid our respects to him, we were accompanied by Wolfgang Mozart, an amiable youth of thirteen, full of spirit and vivacity, and who has already given indication of his possessing talents worthy of the reputation of his father. Last spring, the young artist had celebrated the 73d birth-day of Haydn, by having performed at the theatre of Vienna, a cantata, composed by him, in honour of the father of the German musicians.

“ Haydn lives retired in the suburb called Gumpendorf, where he has a commodious small house, with a garden. Some aged domestics, who have the care of his family concerns, since the death of his wife, received us on the ground-floor, where a gray parrot was chattering, being a favourite bird brought by Haydn from England. Neatness and tranquillity reigned throughout ; and the deportment of the servants evinced the tender interest they took in the sufferings of their master. We were announced and admitted. The servant conducted us to a room in the upper story, where we found Haydn plainly, but neatly, dressed, in a brown great-coat. He received us with cordiality.

“ Haydn is now in his 74th year, he is of middle stature, and there is nothing peculiarly distinguishing in the traits of his figure ; but he bears the impression of good nature, which, at first sight, prepossess a stranger in his favour. The visit of young Mozart, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, gave him great pleasure. He conversed with the youth respecting his studies and his progress in music, with the affection of an old friend ; recalled, with pride, the recollections of his illustrious father, whose society he had always cultivated.

“ Seeing the old man fatigued, we broke off the conversation, after having staid about an half hour. On taking leave, he behaved in a very friendly manner, and honoured and gratified me in particular by giving me permission to repeat my visit.

“ At my last visit he enjoyed a more than ordinary serenity. He found himself somewhat better ; his head was less affected, so that



he returned to his customary occupations. By chance he had laid his hand on one of his first productions, a short Mass, which he had composed for singing only, so early as 1742, when he was still a choirister in the church of St. Stephen; he was now adding accompaniments, with the view of offering, by this his first, and perhaps his last, work, the homage of gratitude to his protector, Prince Esterhazy. We may, likewise, reckon among the last labours of Haydn, a quartetto, the 84th which he has begun, and a number of ballads and songs in the Scottish style, composed for his friends in England, where he received a very liberal remuneration for such compositions.

"Haydn possesses a moderate fortune, acquired chiefly by the two journies he made to England, on which he lives with great attention to economy. In his youth he suffered great hardships: but, notwithstanding the indigence by which he was depressed, he raised himself to eminence by following the impulse of his soaring genius."

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Particulars not generally known of the LIFE of HANDEL.

HANDEL was born at Halle, in upper Saxony, in 1684; he was the son of an eminent physician in that city, who had this celebrated character by a second wife. From his earliest age he discovered such an irresistible propensity to music, that his father, who intended him for the civil law, was much displeased at it, and removed all musical instruments out of his way; yet so strong was the child's ruling passion for the charms of music, that, before he was seven years old, he contrived to carry a small clavi-chord to the top of the house, with which he constantly amused himself when his parents had retired to rest.

It happened about this time that he accompanied his father to a brother by the first marriage, who was valet to the duke of Saxe-Weinfels. On this occasion young Handel could not refrain from touching every harpsichord he met with: and one day, stealing into the organ loft of the chapel, he began to play upon it while the duke was in chapel. Being struck with an unusual sound, he inquired of the valet who it was that was playing, and, on being told it was his brother, he commanded him to be brought before him, and his father likewise to be sent for. The result of the duke's inquiries was a recommendation that such a native genius should on no account be lost, with a promise of conferring upon him every means of encouragement.

On his return back to Halle, young Handel was placed with Zachau, organist of the church, under whom he was taught the

principles of music, and introduced to the works of eminent composers. He improved so rapidly, that, at the age of only nine years, he composed motets for the service of the cathedrals. At the age of thirteen he perceived that Halle offered no further improvement, and therefore visited Vienna, where the opera was then in a flourishing state, under Buononcini and Attilio. He there attracted the notice of the emperor, who expressed an inclination to send him to Italy; where he might be instructed under the best masters; but his parents declined the offer. He next visited Hamburg, where, losing his father, he took a place in the orchestra, and engaged to teach music, that he might be no burthen to his afflicted mother. At this place his superior talents so much pleased the public, that a performer, above whom he had been preferred, on leaving the opera-house drew his sword on him, and Handel was preserved from a fatal thrust by a music-book buttoned under his coat. It was at Hamburg that he composed his first opera of "*Almeria*," being then, according to one account, under fifteen years of age.

He next visited Venice, and at that city composed his "*Agrippina*," which was performed twenty-seven nights successively with unbounded applause. Rome was his next stage, and the reputation he had acquired occasioned Cardinal Ottoboni, a great musical amateur, to introduce him to Correlli, who played the first violin in his band. Handel composed a piece for him, which that celebrated performer found too difficult for his execution. Here also the young Saxon had a trial of skill on the harpsichord, with the famous Scarletti, the event of which is differently related, but it is agreed, that upon the organ his superiority was allowed even by Scarletti himself.

Handel resided in Italy nearly six years, during which he composed an abundance of music of almost every species. These early productions would be great curiosities, but many of them are lost to us. In returning to his native country, Hanover was the first place at which he stopt, where he met with Stephani, with whom he had been acquainted at Venice, and who was then master of the chapel to our George I. then elector at Hanover. There was also a nobleman who had taken great notice of him in Italy, baron Kilmansegge, who so well recommended him to his electoral highness, that he immediately offered him a pension of fifteen hundred crowns as an inducement to stay. Many of the nobility of England also were impatient for an opera from him, whereupon he composed "*Rinaldo*," in which the famous Nicolani sung.

The low state of music at that time in London, and the wretched squabbles at the Haymarket, made the nobility desirous that he should compose for the theatre. The king was persuaded to



form a party on the water, and Handel was directed to prepare some music for the occasion ; this gave birth to his deservedly admired, "Water-piece." It was performed, and conducted by himself unknown to his majesty, whose pleasure, on hearing it, was equal to his surprise ; upon inquiring whose it was, the baron produced the composer to the king, bestowing upon him the highest approbation ; and as a token for it, was pleased to add a pension of 200*l.* a year for life.

Handel was now settled in England upon a permanent establishment, and his reputation stood unrivalled. During the three first years of his time, he was principally engaged at the Earl of Burlington's, in Piccadilly, where he frequently met Pope. The poet one day asked his friend Arbuthnot, of whose knowledge in music he had a high opinion, What was his real opinion of Handel as a musician ? Who replied, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are far beyond any thing you can conceive." Pope nevertheless declared, that "Handel's finest performance gave him no more pleasure than the airs of a common ballad."

The city of London was now to be treated with a union of Dryden's poetry and Handel's music, in the performance of "Alexander's Feast," which met with deserved success. About the year 1733, a tribute of respect was paid him by Mr. Tyers, proprietor of Vauxhall, who placed a marble statue of him in the gardens. His "Messiah" is said to have been first performed in, 1741, at Covent Garden, and was but coldly received. Pope, void of taste for music, and envious of the fame of Handel, vented his spleen in the following lines of his address to Dullness :

Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,  
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands :  
To stir, to rouse, to shake, the soul he comes,  
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums ;  
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more,  
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

*Dunciad* iv. 65.

About that time he embarked for Ireland, and, arriving in Dublin, was honourably received by the nobility of that city, where he performed his Messiah, for the benefit of the city prison. After an absence of nine months, he returned to London, and entertained the city with an oratorio, from Samson Agonistes. In 1751, his eyes began to be affected with a gutta serena, which sunk him into a state of despondency, and at length terminated in his total blindness. He was present at the performance of one of his oratorios, only eight days before his death,

which happened on April 24, 1759. He was interred in Westminster-Abbey, where, by his own order, and at his own expense, a monument has been erected to his memory. He lived in celibacy, and left a considerable fortune to his German relations.

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Description of an Alligator, from Jamaica, by G. Cumberland.

*To the Editor—Sir,*

AS the public, in general, seem to be of opinion, that there is a distinction between the animals called crocodiles and the alligators, which seems very doubtful, I took an opportunity, lately, of very carefully both examining and drawing one of the latter, lately brought by the ship Elizabeth, to this port, from the Black River, in the island of Jamaica; having been caught when very young by her carpenter.

This alligator is not above two feet long, and, as far as I can observe, exactly resembles those animals which have been frequently exhibited in London, (both dried and living) as crocodiles of the Nile. Inhabiting swamps and rivers, it is an animal difficult to catch, as at the least noise, being amphibious, it pops under water like a frog or water-newt; and, being generally in company with the parents, whose size renders them formidable enemies to man or beast, and who seem to prefer negro flesh to white, few persons are willing to undertake the business of ensnaring them.

This female, in warm weather, prefers being out of water for a long time; and one of its habits has shown me, why it moves the upper and not the under jaw; for, when out of the water, it reposes the head on the table, lifting up the upper mandible, and thus it remains till the mouth has flies in it, on which it instantly drops the jaw, like a trap-door, over the imprisoned sufferers. And thus, no doubt, it reposes it at the bottom of rivers to take in eels or other fishes; its temper seems gentle when not irritated, and, young as it is, it already knows its feeder; but when provoked by a cat or dog, it has already seized them. The manner in which its teeth are set, seems particularly calculated for taking and holding eels, as there are two waves in each jaw that enable it to press the prey out of a right line; the sharpness of its teeth, which are like fangs, and longest at each extremity of these waving indentures, also greatly aid its hold. In closing, there is reason to think they cross each other, but this I could not exactly



ascertain. In the fossil ones I found that always the case, and observable in that of Mr. P. Hawker, of Stroud, which, like this, is a sharp-nosed alligator. The rows of teeth above and below, consist almost generally of thirty-six in each jaw, and are white as ivory, curved a little, long and pointed. At the extremity of the nose, on the upper side, is a circular membrane, darker than the rest of the skin, and having two valves in the form of two small crescents, both of which it opens for air at the same time, though but rarely; above the eyes, which have nictating membranes, are two strong plates of bone; next comes the hinge of the upper-jaw, with four studs or scales, and behind them two plates, like shields; then the neck, after which four plates make the commencement of a process that extends to the point of the tail. The whole of what may be properly termed the tail (commencing below the anus, which is a ring of scales) consists of thirty-six joints, eighteen double-finned, and eighteen single finned above; and this rule held good with two dried animals, called crocodiles, now in Mr. Bullock's Museum.

The arms before resemble the lizard's, and have, like him, five fingers terminated with sharp claws; like him also, the division is of three inwardly and two outwards, the thumb and little finger being of the same magnitude. The hind legs are webbed strongly, and the claws strongest; in other respects the body resembles the coats of a turtle, but the arms are scaled and well defended.

Like the turtle, its belly is pale straw colour, inclining to green, quite flat, the scales polished and squared, and each scale has a mark as if it had been pinned like a tile. The hinder legs in construction are much like those of a frog, and he goes very fast by their aid. In general, when out of water, it sits with the head elevated a great deal; in the water, with it supine. It eats the guts of chickens, or any offal; its smell is rather fishy, but not very disagreeably so.

What variety there is of this tribe, I believe we are but little acquainted with; neither has it been as yet well ascertained, what is the distinction between the Gangetic, that of the Nile, and these of the West Indies. Should any of your correspondents have observed the habits of either of them, I hope they will second my endeavours, by sending their remarks to accompany these, in order that thereby we may know how to distinguish the Greek, or Asiatic, crocodile, from the American, when repositied in museums. How far this alligator of the West Indies agrees with that at the British Museum, or in what respect it accords with the fossil of Mr. C. Hawker, I shall be glad to know, as in that fossil, I have observed a process of bony rings resembling those that surround the eyes of turkies; but, as I have

never seen an alligator skinned, it is impossible to decide as to that peculiar defence against the pressure of air or water ; and, as this annular bony ring has not, I believe, been as yet described minutely, I shall conclude this paper with the particulars of its construction. It consists of seventeen scalelike bones, that, when united, form a circular iris, broader on one side than the other, four of which have double cavities, two sides of each separate scale form circular projections, while the other two sides are segments of a circle, that, when united, complete the annular boundary, whose projecting force is curved towards the light, each of about the thickness of a sheet of cartridge paper.

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### DEATH OF JAMES GRAHAM.

At Glasgow, a few weeks ago, of water in the brain, the amiable *James Graham*, the Scottish poet, author of the poems of the Sabbath, the Birds of Scotland, and the Georgics. Grown weary with the unprincipled turbulence of the bar, he forsook it, and accepted of a presentation to the church of England, in the neighbourhood of Durham. Here he retired, contented with the little stipend which the place afforded, hoping to regain his health in the exercise of a function so congenial to his mind. For some time past he complained much of a pain in his head, and a heavy swimming in his eyes, which rendered exertion of either body or mind painful. He went to Durham in the spring of last year, where, by his amiable disposition and powers of eloquence, he made himself beloved beyond the range of those whom he was appointed to instruct. Here he resided, making occasional excursions among the regions of poetical fancy, and faithfully discharging the duties of his pastoral office.

### DEATH OF DR. PERCY.

AT Dromore, aged 87, *Dr. Percy*, bishop of that diocese, an excellent prelate, and a veteran in literature. He was related to the family of the Duke of Northumberland, and was many years domestic chaplain to the late duke. By his virtues and talents, more than by his connexions, he was raised to the bishopric of Dromore, which he possessed for a long period, and the duties of which he discharged with exemplary zeal and true Christian charity. No man was ever more ready to relieve distress, to ad-



minister comfort, and to interpose his kind offices whenever they were solicited. It is hardly necessary to say how much English literature has been indebted to the researches of this elegant scholar, who recovered from obscurity, and has preserved from oblivion, many beautiful remains of genius, which he gave to the world under the title of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." In some that were mere fragments and detached stanzas, Dr. Percy supplied the deficiencies, and formed into a whole by congenial taste, feeling, and imagination. The beautiful old ballad of "A Friar of Orders Grey," upon which Goldsmith founded his interesting Poem of "The Hermit," was among the remains of antiquity, which Dr. Percy completed in this manner: and he is the avowed author of the affecting song of "Oh Nannie wilt thou gang with me." For the curious anecdotes and literary information, to be found in the edition of the "Tatler," with notes, published in six octavo volumes, in the year 1786, the public are principally indebted to this prelate, who was a warm friend to literature, and a zealous patron of unprotected genius. He died at a very advanced period of life, and has left a reputation not only unblemished, but of exemplary purity and active benevolence. He was the last of the scholars of a famous school, the contemporary of Johnson, Gray, the Wartons, &c. having began his career in the literary world about the end of the last reign.

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### CANDLE-BERRY MYRTLE.

*To the Editor.—Sir,*

IT is proper you should call the attention of the public, the Society of Arts, and Board of Agriculture, to a vegetable production, which promises great social benefits, and towards which the speculations of merchants, the ingenuity of manufacturers, and the fostering patronage of the public, ought to be invited.

The triumph of man over nature, by prolonging his enjoyments, and active pursuits, after the setting of the sun, when all other animals retire to sleep, is a splendid proof of his original powers of combination. To complete this triumph he ought, by continued exertions, to increase his means of creating artificial light, and exhaust the stores of chemistry and natural history, till he has united all the points of perfection in its production and economy.

What can be more gross and offensive than the oil which, to this day, we burn in our lamps,—or the tallow which emits its fetid smell from our candles! What can be more clumsy and coarse than those contrivances, as we commonly meet with them! What more primitive—more barbaric—or more unscientific!

In this view I was exceedingly gratified by the experiments of WINSOR, and I am yet at a loss to comprehend how his excellent system miscarried, after the beautiful demonstrations which he afforded the public in Pall Mall. He may have calculated, with the over sanguine feelings of genius, on the commercial advantages of his plans, and may consequently have disappointed some of the speculators that flocked about him; but in this intellectual age and country, such a design ought to be supported by the spirit of philosophy and patriotism, and not to depend on selfish views for its introduction. It was a design worthy of the support of a whole people—worthy of the countenance of government—and worthy also of one of those countless millions voted away every year by Parliament, to effect some purposes which a future age may better value, but of the benefits of which, the present age is completely in the dark!

If, when the process and combustion were imperfect, a certain degree of smoke sometimes escaped from the tubes of the gas lights, as it does from tallow candles, this was a subject for the study of our great chemists, who would, in my opinion, at least, have been in this way quite as usefully employed as in chemical conjuring, in producing metals which nobody values; at the same time, too, that those gentlemen knew full well, that no other metal is wanted in England but gold!

My attention has been excited to this subject by a visit lately paid me by a patriotic native of Nova Scotia, who, having never been in England, described himself as much annoyed by the smell and smoke emitted from our tallow candles. On inquiry, I found that in his family and province, he and his neighbours burn only wax. Yes, wax!—startle not reader,—in a beggarly province of Nova Scotia, the farmers and labourers burn none but wax candles! He informed me that in the uncleared woods there grow abundance of the *Myrica Cerifera*, wax-bearing myrica, or, vulgarly, the candle-berry myrtle. With these wax-berries, he says, they make excellent wax candles, fragrant instead of noisome, in their odour, economical in their consumption, and clean and agreeable in their use. He admitted, however, that the manufacture is not perfected, that the wax, which is of a green colour, would be improved by being bleached and that some common processes of purification would greatly improve it. He says, that this myrtle delights in moist situations, that it would thrive well in



England, and that every county might grow, on sites now useless, wax enough for all the candles which it consumes !

Is not this then an object worthy of the Society of Arts and Board of Agriculture ? Is there any pursuit in which, by possibility, they can be more advantageously engaged ? It is certainly worth as much attention as an improvement in a pair of snuffers, or as plans for raising rents by consolidating farms !

The Monthly Magazine at least will, I hope, bestow some attention upon it : will encourage communications from Nova Scotia, and other parts of America, where this tree flourishes ; will record experiments made upon it in England ; and give these wax candles a fair chance of naturalization in the native country of arts, sciences, and improvements !

COMMON SENSE.

P. S. The writer is perfectly aware, that *Myrica Gale* grows in great abundance in North Britain, and has been occasionally applied to the purpose of candle making ; he has heard also of experiments in Devonshire of the same nature ; but these facts serve only to support his hypothesis in favour of the general introducer of this vegetable wax. A gentleman who has made them in Devonshire assures him their fragrance is delightful, their light brilliant, and their economy great.\*

\* We learn, by a public advertisement, that Messrs. Robert Bell, and Co. of Hull, have actually begun to make and vend such candles on very moderate terms. It seems too, that these berries are known in Africa, and that a few years since Colonel Edwards presented some wax lights to the late Lord Melville, made from the vegetable wax of Africa.

# POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

### EPODE II.

#### RURAL FELICITY.

*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.*

"HAPPY the man who leaves off  
trade,"

(Thus to himself Paul Poplin said,)

"No care his mind engages;

Fix'd on a gently rising hill,

At Somers-town or Pentonville,

He eyes the passing stages.

The City rout, the Lord Mayor's ball,

The bankrupt-meeting at Guildhall,

He cautiously avoids;

Nor, when bold privateers invade

Our homeward-bound West-India  
trade,

Pays cent per cent at Lloyd's.

His poplars, Lombardy's delight,

He ranges graceful to the sight,

Than mighty Magog taller;

And if one overtop his peers,

The overgrown intruder shears,

Or substitutes a smaller.

Pleas'd from his summer-house to spy,

The lowing herd to Smithfield hie,

To feed each London glutton;

His blushing elder-wine he brews.

To treat his City-friends, who chuse

To taste his Sunday's mutton.

When Autumn rears his sun-burnt  
head,

And plums his garden-wall o'erspread,

What joy rewards his labours!

First chusing for himself the best,

He civilly bestows the rest

Upon his next-door neighbours.

Where glides old Middleton's canal,

He sometimes joins the motley mall,

And feasts on ale and fritters;

And when he nods in soft repose,

Responsive to his vocal nose,

The merry blackbird twitters.

When drifted snow engulphs the house,

He hunts the weazle, rat, or mouse,

Or with a net of bobbin

Entraps the sparrows chirping brood,

And oft times in a valiant mood,

Ensnares the fierce red Robin.

But if to grace his rural life

He take unto himself a wife,

(No more a naughty ranger)

He marries one of honest kin,

Like Pamela, or void of sin,

Like her, who chose the Stranger.

What more can mortal man desire,

An elbow-chair, a blazing fire,

Two spermaceti tapers;

An appetite at five to dine,

A dish of fish, a pint of wine,

A leg of lamb and capers!

No turbot eighteen pence a pound,

Should on my humble board be found,

No fricandean or jelly;

No moor-game, dear and dainty breed,

Should fly from Berwick upon Tweed,

To roost within my belly.

I'd kill a pig—I'd drive a team—

I'd keep a cow to yield me cream

More delicate than nectar;

O pure and innocent delight,

To snatch the pigeon from the kite,

And—in a pie protect her!

And when the Hampstead stage I  
spied,

With six fat citizens inside,

Their daily labour over;

The horned herd I'd thus provoke—

"Fag on, obedient to the yoke,

Behold me safe in clover."

Paul Poplin in a curious fuss,

A future Cincinnatus thus,

His honest pate was puzzling;

When lo! before his counter stands

A pursy widow, and demands

Six yards of ell-wide muslin!

He starts—displays the Indian ware,

His country box dissolves in air,

Like mists of morning vapour;

And in the Poultry Poplin still

Sticks to his shop, and eyes the till,

A smirking linen-draper.



## HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVII.

The Poet rejoiceth on the Return of Tranquillity, after the Imprisonment  
of Sir Francis Burdett in the Tower.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero, &c.*

"NOW broach ye a pipe of the best  
Malvoisie,"

'Tis sold at the Marmion Tavern,  
Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a  
Scotch glee,  
And dance round the table in grand  
jubilee,  
Like so many hags in a cavern.

'Tis wrong to draw cork in the midst  
of a row,  
Old Port is the devil when shaken;  
The caption was novel, I needs must  
allow  
An Englishman's house was his castle  
till now,  
But castles are now and then taken.

Dame Fortune had given Sir Francis a  
dram,  
Your drunkards will never be quiet;  
He said, "Mr. Serjeant, your warrant's  
a sham,  
Upheld by the rabble, I'll stay where I  
am—"  
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Serjeant surmounted the  
basement,  
Which only made John Bull the  
gladder;  
For back he was push'd, to his utter  
amazement,  
The baronet smiled, when he saw  
from the casement  
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in  
below,  
Quoth GIBBS, "It is legal, depend  
on't,"  
Thus riding in chace of a doe or a roe,

The flying bum-bailiff cries, "*voix !  
tally ho !*"

And seizes the luckless defendant.

SIR FRANCIS, determin'd the question  
to try,  
Was quietly reading law Latin;  
Not able, and, therefore, not willing  
to fly,  
He saw all the parliament forces draw  
nigh,  
As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady sat by, and she play'd on her  
lute,  
And sung "*Will you come to the  
bower,*"

The *Serjeant at arms*, who was hither-  
to mute,  
Advanc'd, and exclaim'd, like an ill-  
natur'd brute,  
"*Sir KNIGHT will you come to the  
Tower?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers  
oppress'd,  
But first, with no honest intention,  
Like Queen Cleopatra he secretly  
press'd  
Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his  
breast,  
Whose names I had rather not men-  
tion.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes  
attain  
The summit of posthumous fame;  
They dodge their pursuers thro' alley  
and lane,  
But when they discover resistance is  
vain,  
They kick up a dust and die game !

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Trotter's Memoirs of C. J. Fox,—the first large edition was sold in a few days—a new one was printed with great expedition, and bespoke before it was ready, and another is preparing. Mr. Trotter has also made considerable progress in the *public* life of Mr. Fox, which will contain his principal speeches, and the history of parties from authentic documents, in three volumes octavo, with closely printed appendices.

A Treatise on Wills, and Codicils, with an Appendix of the Statutes, a copious Collection of useful precedents, with Notes, practical and explanatory. By W. Roberts, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Biographie Moderne; or, Lives of remarkable Characters who have distinguished themselves since the commencement of the French Revolution, to the present time.

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*By John F. Watson, Philadelphia.*

Rhymes on Art, or, the Remonstrance of a Painter: in two parts. With notes and a preface, including strictures on the state of the Arts, criticism, patronage, and public Taste, by Martin Archer Shee, R. A.

*By Hopkins, Farrand, Zantzinger, & Co. Philadelphia,*

A Sermon, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, on occasion of the Burning of the Theatre at Richmond, at the request of the young gentlemen from Virginia, and other students at the University.

Also, Miscellaneous Poems, on Moral and Religious subjects.

*By Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia.*

The Eclectic Repertory, and Analytical Review, Medical and Philosophical, edited by a society of Physicians, Vol. 2, No. 6, for January 1812.

*By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.*

A Treatise on the Law relative to Principals, Agents, Factors, Auctioneers, and Brokers, by S. Livermore, Esq. of Massachusetts.

*By A. Miltenberger, Baltimore.*

A new work entitled—The Chronicle; or, An Annual View of History, Politics, and Literature, foreign and domestic.

## PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATION.

A Translation of Madam de Genlis's new work, entitled, the "History of the most celebrated French Women, and their influence upon Literature," &c. which contains Anecdotes of the most distinguished French Female writers, criticisms, on their works, &c.

## PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*Kimber & Richardson, Philadelphia.*

Have in press, the "American Class Book, being a collection of Reading lessons for the use of Schools—selected from Blair's Class Book, &c."

K. & R. propose shortly to publish a handsome edition of Edgeworth's Practical Education, in 2 vols. octavo.

*By the Rev. P. X. Brosius, Philad—Cavallo's Natural Philosophy, in 4 vols.*

*David Allison, & Co. Burlington, N. J.*

Have in press, Griffith's Law Treatise on the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace in N. Jersey, and the Appendices thereto—together with the Scrivener's Guide, by the same author.

*By D. Fenton, Trenton,*

For the benefit of the venerable author, the Lectures, corrected and improved, which have been delivered for a series of years in the college of N. Jersey, on the subjects of moral and political Philosophy. By the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D.



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*Richard Cumberland Esq.*